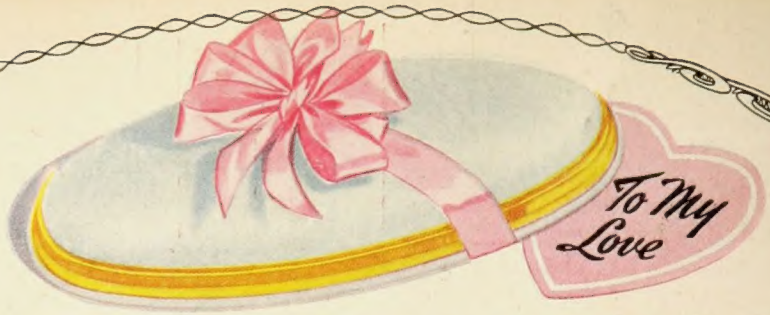
FIVE CENTS

Liberty

FEB. 7, 1942

JAPANESE SPIES AND WHAT THEY DID

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD — A NOVEL OF A GREAT LOVE by Elswyth Thane



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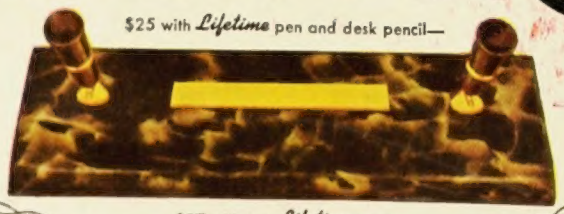

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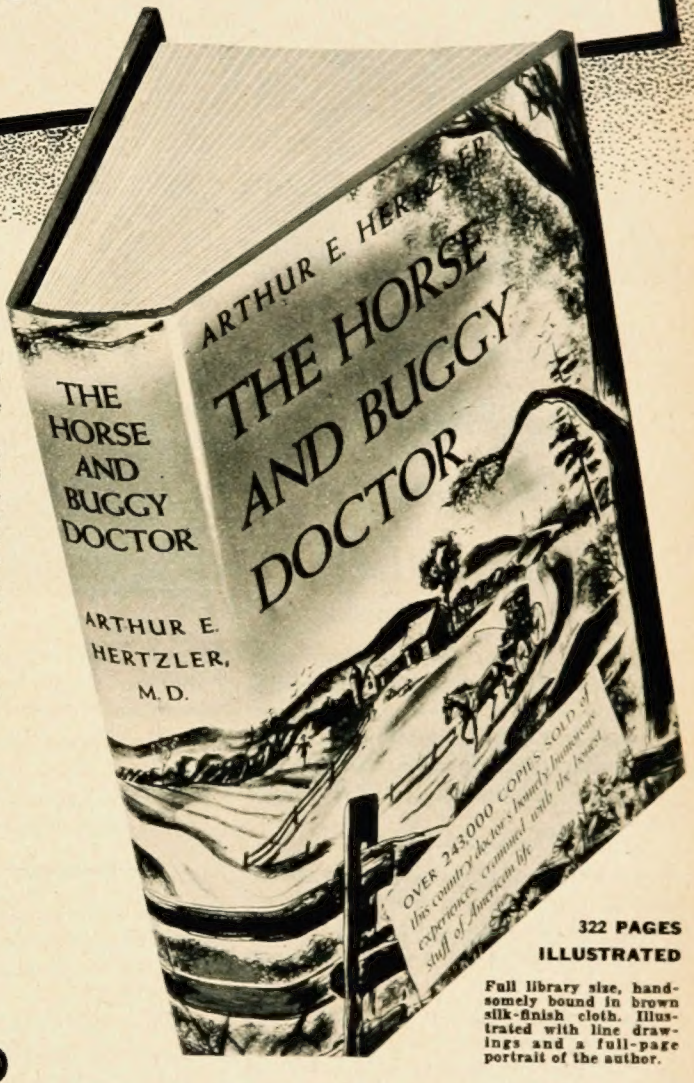
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THE HORSE AND BUGGY DOCTOR
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HERE'S an opportunity to get a free copy for your library of the book that has enchanted 243,000 readers—"The Horse and Buggy Doctor" by Arthur E. Hertzler, M.D. In this volume of utmost frankness and homely humor you will find the story of an American country doctor—of countless country doctors all over America. A colorful figure in the medical world today, head of the Hertzler Clinic at Halstead, Kansas, "Pop" Hertzler began his career forty years ago under conditions of pioneer hardship—when it was a case of "root hog or die" for children and adults alike. With the most primitive of equipment (including a Colt "peacemaker" for warding off wild dogs) and with no hospital facilities (many a farm kitchen was a surgical arena in those days), he directed himself to the adventurous business of bringing human souls into the world and preserving them thereafter from premature death.

It was a job for a man and a philosopher, and Dr. Hertzler is both. This chronicle of his experiences, so typical and yet so very personal by reason of the personality which pervades it, is the honest stuff of American life—wonderfully illuminating and genuinely exciting. In addition to the wealth of intimate anecdote, this book is a record of medical pioneering and progress that will add to the layman's store of essential knowledge.

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Please enroll me free for one year as a Dollar Book Club member and send me at once "The Horse and Buggy Doctor" FREE. With this book will come my first issue of the free monthly Club magazine called "The Bulletin," describing the one-dollar bargain book for the following month and several other alternate bargains. Each month I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selection and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the alternate bargains at the Special Club price of $1 each. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. And I pay nothing except $1.00 for each selection received, plus a few cents handling and shipping costs.

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City ..... State .....

Occupation ..... If under 21, age, please .....

In Canada: 215 Victoria Street, Toronto

She loves me, YES,
She loves me, NO.
It's "NO" because
of DOUBLE O

He wondered why girls went out with him a few times and then left him carrying a torch. But there was a good reason . . . they just didn't like going out with a fellow who was careless about the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath).

What to Do About It

If *you've* been careless about this double offense, why not get after it with the delightful double precaution that so many wise and popular men and women use?

For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. It's the result of 8 years' work on the part of experts in the field of oral hygiene. This new paste was created specially to help bring out the natural beauty of your smile. It does a remarkable job on dull, dingy teeth, removing cloudy, loose deposits. Many people say they can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time!

For a sweeter breath—Listerine Antiseptic, of course. Listerine quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis (bad breath).

Delightful Daily Double

If you want to make a good impression on others, never neglect the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath).

Start in today with the delightful Listerine Daily Double: the new Listerine Tooth Paste for an attractive smile and Listerine Antiseptic for a more agreeable breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *and*

the double precaution against double O

Offensive breath
Offensive-looking teeth

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ STEPHANIE FOSTER is the woman for you if you can't make up your mind what to name the baby. Names are her business; she knows all about their historic background, their symbolism, their euphony. Sponsored by the Babyland Baby Carriage Company, she suggests names to expectant parents who ask for help on the problem. Mama often holds out for one name, papa for another—whereupon Stephanie wangles a compromise. Recently she settled an Ellen *versus* Freda argument by offering Elfreda, which satisfied both parents. . . . Fashions for certain names run in cycles of ten to twenty years, Miss Foster told me. Our current crop of young ladies named Barbara, Gloria, and Betty dates from a generation ago. Most stylish names given to girl babies now are Ann, Ellen, Lesley. English war influence. Boys' names topping present vogue are Richard, Jimmy (not James), and Jon (spelled like that, J-O-N). . . . Stephanie Foster first studied names as a professional reader of plays and movie scripts. It was part of her job to see that the characters were suitably named. "Thousands of parents," she says, "named their children for favorite stars or drama characters that have impressed them." . . . As to changing your given name if it makes you unhappy, Miss Foster at times recommends such a venture. One client of hers succeeded in getting married by changing her name from Minnie to Joan. . . . Under the Public Rights Law you can change your name just once, officially, by court procedure. Under common law you can change it any time you please, without any legal steps—but you'd better not get caught using an alias for purposes of fraud, such as signing bum checks!

☆ FROM tortured Poland I've received this story concerning a distant relative of mine—an intense high-strung girl of the Bette Davis type. She's an amateur pistol expert. When invaders rampaged through her home, some time ago, a small looting party of them caught her in her dining hall, which was hung with ancestral portraits. She had a revolver in her hand. Bang-bang, bang-bang! She shot the eyes out of two portraits as neatly as though she were popping pits out of cherries. . . . "I have two more bullets left in my gun," she said to the looters. "Do you

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

doubt my democracy?" . . . They showed their respect with their heels.

☆ IF you're one of the many who know how to play the piano but have neglected it, and would like to take it up again, you'll get a lot out of Charles Cooke's new book, Playing the Piano for Pleasure. (Published by Simon and Schuster. $2.50.)

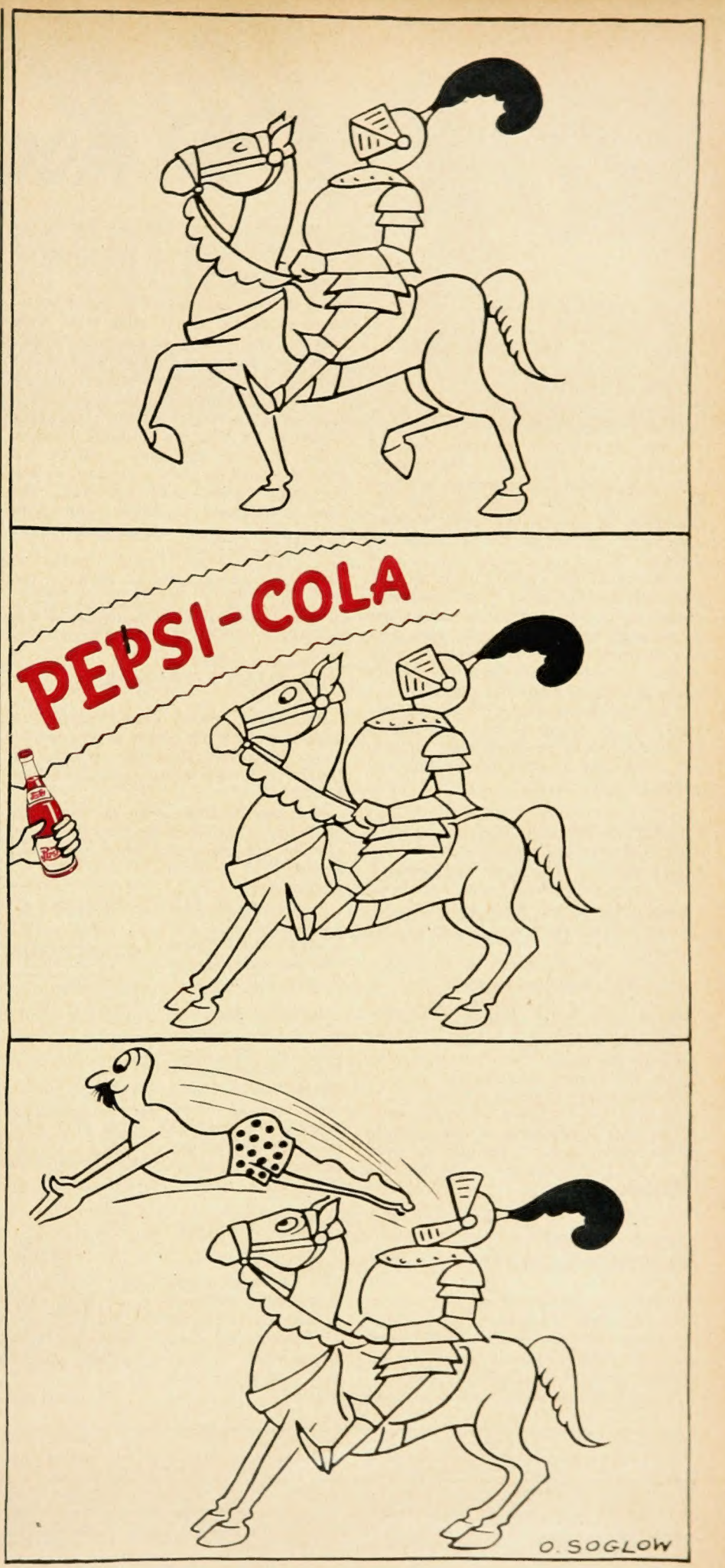
☆ "IN school we were taught not to whisper," writes a Baltimore girl, "but now that we're grown up it seems to be no offense. Little groups get together at parties and go *whis-whis-whis* in a corner. Even at the office we sometimes divide into whispering cliques. Is it any more polite than it was in school?"

No, it isn't. Whispering in company implies a secret not shared by others. It makes them feel like outsiders, and is therefore unkind.

☆ HAVEN'T you wondered what causes the difference between uniform-breakfast eaters and variety-breakfast eaters? Is it temperament—strength of habit as contrasted to caprice? A friend of mine asked around and found out. . . . One honest breakfaster said, "I try something new all the time, because I never know what I want." Another said, "I take the same breakfast every day, because I'm too lazy to think of anything else."

☆ ON a Sunday morning in winter, this old-style *Ohio River Breakfast* ought to please both parties mentioned above: . . . Form cold mashed potatoes into small cakes. Brush with egg yolk: dip in bread crumbs; fry on both sides in large skillet. When cakes are brown, drop 1 egg alongside each cake. Sprinkle lightly with grated cheese and put skillet in quick oven for 3 minutes. Serve with grilled tomato slices.

☆ PERSIMMONS are United States fruit. George M. Cohan is a Yankee Doodle boy. Wandering Star is an American Indian girl, dancer and decorative painter. Recently George and Wandering Star were cooped up, ill, in the same hospital. Wandering Star's friends sent her persimmons. George M.'s friends sent *him* persimmons. George hates persimmons, so he presented his to Wandering Star. She also hates persimmons, so while he was sending his to her room, she sent hers to his room. . . . A persimply silly exchange!



Vox Pop

THE FIRST WORD— FROM OUR READERS

PEARL HARBOR'S STILL THERE, AND THE MAIL STILL COMES FROM HAWAII

HONOLULU, HAWAII—One need not stretch his imagination much to have seen and heard Abraham Lincoln here on the momentous seventh day of December in 1941. As the smoke cleared to reveal the treachery at Pearl Harbor, one could easily visualize the champion of democracy with flaming eyes and clenched fist—waking up America.

IT IS FOR US THE LIVING . . . TO BE HERE DEDICATED TO THE GREAT TASK REMAINING BEFORE US . . . THAT WE HERE HIGHLY RESOLVE THAT THESE DEAD SHALL NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN . . . THAT GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH.

I am an American of Japanese ancestry. I am ready to give my life to prove my loyalty to Uncle Sam. This is not a publicity stunt. I do not seek any publicity.—*No Signature.*

COULD BE SO, MR. STEELE. THE AMERICAN SENSE OF HUMOR IS A MIGHTY WEAPON

NEW YORK, N. Y.—How about reviving an old favorite for a slogan and marching song?

Yes! We'll leave no Japanas!
We'll leave no Japanas, we say!
We'll meet them! We'll beat them!
Oh, how we'll defeat them!
We of the U. S. A.!
Yes! We'll leave no Japanas!
We'll leave no Japanas, we say!

The very foolishness of the plan or words might make it popular to work by . . . to buy bonds by . . . to fight by! —*Winthrop Steele.*

LIBERTY PRESENTS AN AUTHENTIC AURA

HAVERHILL, MASS.—Will you please print the name of the artist who painted the cover of your December 27 issue? He is the first, so far as I know, to reproduce an aura as it actually exists.

It may interest your readers to know that, without any belief in Spiritualism or development along such lines, they may see the aura of any person (every individual has one) by making a screen of glass and filling it with a solution of dicyanine and alcohol. This method was discovered by Walter Kilner, chief electrician at St. Thomas Hospital, London.

The distance the aura extends out from the head or body will vary, as will the color. With some individuals the head is outlined in bright gold, with others light green, copper color, rose, etc.—*James E. Lovejoy.*

The artist (whose name *did* appear in that issue, by the way) is Roy Spreter of Ardmore, Pennsylvania. We suspect he will be surprised as we at this unexpected interpretation of what he sought to portray.—VOX POP ED.

MISS ALLEN'S FAN MAIL

BALTIMORE, MD.—I cannot resist the temptation to write a note of disappointment regarding How to Become an Oracle, by Gracie Allen (January 3 Liberty).

The fact is that what she may say behind a "mike" gets by because of her peculiar inflection. But when her humor appears in print—well, really!

For Liberty's sake don't mail her another check—make her pay you.—*Larry B. Murphy.*

TOPEKA, KAN.—Of all screwy articles, this is the limit. Please print this so Dame Gracie can read it and know there is one guy that does not fall for her buffoonery. — *M. C. King.*

(1) YEH. (2) SURE

CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.—(1) That was a terrific picture of Carole Landis in December 27 Liberty. (2) How about some more of the same? — *Louis Vlasek.*

THE HATREDS WITHIN: WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT THEM?

CHICAGO, ILL.—In the midst of as hectic a holiday season as I have ever known, I literally snatched a few minutes to read Lindbergh and the Jews, by Professor Francis E. McMahon of Notre Dame (January 3 Liberty). I cannot put off for a minute longer telling how stirred I am. As my husband said, after reading it, "I have waited a long time for a Catholic of importance to write this article."

In our discussions of the universality of the Catholic faith, my husband and I, who are not of that faith, have agreed that from their ranks must come the "speaking out" against anti-Semitism that is to lead the way in righteous thought for the rest of us. May the good Professor McMahon receive an extra credit mark in heaven.—*Mary Bolotin.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—It should be pointed out that much of the anti-Semitism that grew up last year in America was without doubt fostered by Nazi Germany.

Be on your guard!—*Walter Mann.*

"I'm afraid we can't go in—I'm only on a short furlough."

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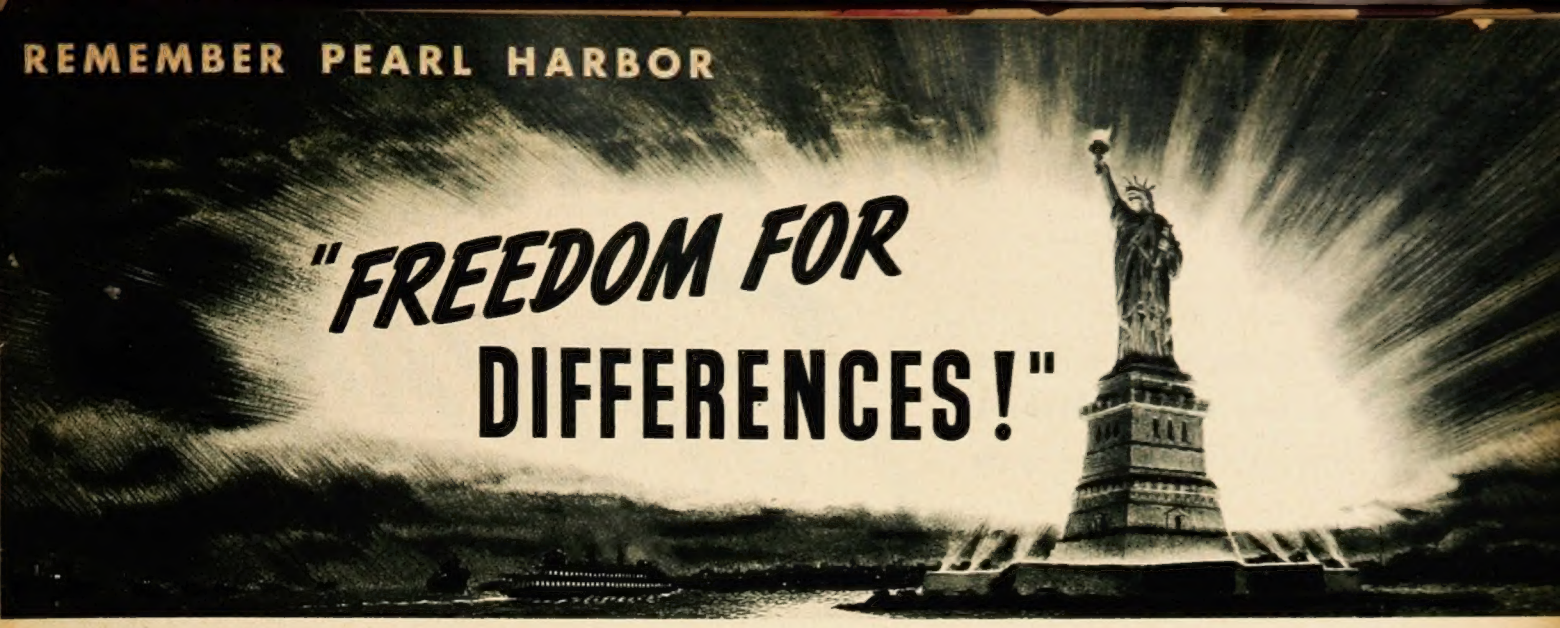
REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR



"FREEDOM FOR DIFFERENCES!"

☆ BROTHERHOOD WEEK lies just ahead. The ninth annual observance will be held from February 15 to 22 among Americans of all faiths; a national movement which President Roosevelt has called "essential to our national defense."

In a letter to Everett R. Clinchy, president of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, the President wrote:

"I have deep faith in the will of the American people to unite to maintain the liberties that all hold sacred, to perform the duties which these times demand of all, and to make of America a land where men who differ widely from one another have learned to live peacefully and harmoniously together. Our neighbors throughout the world look to our shores for the fulfillment of that ideal.

"Let us make Brotherhood Week the visible demonstration of our faith in each other."

These words of President Roosevelt were written before Pearl Harbor. Today, greater than ever before is the need of fostering justice, amity, understanding, and co-operation among Protestants, Catholics, and Jews—the aim of Brotherhood Week. It is true that the vast majority of our citizens are no longer interventionists or isolationists, but loyal Americans, resolved to win the war. Nevertheless it would be foolish to suppose that we have heard the last of those malevolent men and women who in the past have sought to help their secret masters in the Axis by openly setting creed against creed, race against race, Americans against Americans. These subversive agents have not quit; they have merely gone underground, more determined than ever to do their evil work.

The object of these enemies within is entirely clear. A truly united America is a giant among nations, invincible in its strength. Secret agents of our enemies wish to infect the giant with the fever of internal discord; make him a weak and feeble giant, unable to use his unconquerable power. We may be sure that these fifth columnists have already received their orders for a campaign of insidious intolerance. In fact, there is some proof that the work has already begun.

Furthermore, many leaders already foresee another hate movement on the horizon after the war. Hardship and depression are to be utilized by un-American elements to create new waves of discord.

That is why Brotherhood Week is of immense importance to the Republic. Founded fourteen years ago by men like Charles Evans Hughes, S. Parkes Cadman, and Newton D. Baker, the National Conference of Christians and Jews, which sponsors the observance, is a rallying point at which men of good will may unite to defeat intolerance and maintain our sacred freedoms.

We Americans are fighting for a very selfish reason—to preserve for ourselves our way of life; to guarantee for ourselves the freedom which will die if we lose this war. So the United States must be kept "safe for differences." There must be room in this country for more than one race, for more than one religion and more than one party. That is the glory of democracy—not conformity, but unity in diversity of origin, creed, and politics.

Brotherhood Week in 1942 comes near the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln, who through torment and agony led our people to freedom and justice.

Thank God their spirit lives with us still in these dark hours.

FEBRUARY 7, 1942 · · · LIBERTY · · · VOLUME 19, NUMBER 6

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Beginning

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD

Sitting on a log with a bitten cracker in her hand, Elizabeth met Destiny. His eyes were gray

BY ELSWYTH THANE

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE PROFESSOR LEARNS ABOUT LOVE

☆ MAYBE love would never have caught up with Elizabeth Dare if she hadn't inherited the Old Baxter Place and gone to spend the summer there, alone except for dour middle-aged Mary, who cooked for her, and Snorky, who was a Pekingese. Or maybe if she hadn't been Elizabeth Dare, but just some ordinary, commonplace woman who wrote books, or sang opera, or performed on a trapeze. Or maybe if she had stayed asleep that August morning, instead of waking up when the first rays of the sun stretched across the Atlantic to touch the coast of Maine, where the mown green lawn of the Old Baxter Place broke up into jagged great gray rocks that staggered down all anyhow to the water's edge—

But Elizabeth Dare sat up in bed and, because the pink dawn light on the calm sea below her windows was exciting and strange, she wrapped herself in a velvet robe and went and sat on her feet on the cushioned window seat to watch. Not since she was a baby and yelled for her bottle had she wakened to see the sun come up—though she had been fairly close to sunrise sometimes on the other end of her day; less frequently than you might think, perhaps, for a girl who was the most popular, most misunderstood, and most expensive specialty singer in the most exclusive night clubs and musical shows in Manhattan and London.

She looked pretty nice, sitting on the window seat in the blushing light, with her feet under her, wearing blue velvet; but there was nobody to see except Snorky, who had roused at her movement in the room and was now eying her in astonishment with his chin hung over the edge of his basket in the corner. She was still young enough to wake up looking younger than she was, with her hair rumpled and her face washed clean of make-up. She had soft dark curls, and good bones, and knew how to carry her head, even when only Snorky was looking.

By the time the sunlight had turned yellow and warmed her upturned face through the glass, she was hungry—hungry and excited and awake. And so, with a groundless feeling of stealing a march on somebody—for ten years now she had been free to do as she pleased—she hurried off to the bathroom and brushed her teeth, washed her face, slapped in a lotion, patted on powder, spent a careful minute with a lipstick, ran a brush and comb through her curls.

Clad now in brown English tweeds and a canary-yellow blouse and rubber-soled brogues, she went downstairs through the quiet house, stopped in the kitchen for a box of graham crackers, and went out into the morning. She set off along the path which ran from the lawn away into the coarse grass at the upper edge of the rocks where they dipped to allow a small stream to enter the sea—Elizabeth Dare, feeling very strange, very excited, very *awake*, moving in a kind of bedazzled trance toward her fate.

On her right lay the rough pine groves of the Baxter acreage, cutting off the private shore line from the public road; on her left, the sea. Except close to the house, none of the land had been parked or cleared. The stream flowed brown and transparent from a pond deep in the woods. The shore path had a little ford, casually built of uncut steppingstones, though a few yards farther inland the stream was narrow enough to be jumped.

Beyond the ford the path rose under her feet and dwindled toward the cliff, a mile farther on. A fallen log lay on the seaward side of a bramble thicket near by which bordered a pocket-size glade, carpeted with kinnikinnick and wintergreen. She turned

aside and sat down on the log, opened the box of crackers and began to munch contentedly, the shimmer of the sea in her eyes.

There was suddenly the sound as of a wild elephant amok in the thicket behind her, and something shot over her left shoulder, tangled with her outstretched feet, and landed like a stricken pine full length on the ground. At first glance there appeared to be several yards of him, but that was partly the butterfly net, which had preceded him at arm's length.

Unlike most people who fall, he neither swore nor attempted to retrieve his dignity by rising hastily and brushing things off his clothes. Instead, he raised himself on one hand and looked round to see what had tripped him.

He saw Elizabeth Dare sitting on a log with a bitten cracker in her hand, wearing her famous expression of starry-eyed expectancy—complicated now by the element of surprise.

For a moment they stared at each other in silence, he lying where he had fallen, braced on one bent arm, his head turned over his shoulder.

"Good morning," he said politely then. "I hope I didn't hurt you."

"N-no," she replied, achieving an equally normal tone. "Are you all right yourself?"

"I think so." He sat up slowly without effort—any dancer could see that he knew how to fall. "I'm sorry I startled you," he continued with the good manners which apparently nothing could jar out of him. "I had no idea there would be any one here. I wouldn't be trespassing, would I?"

"You might. I don't know just where my boundary line is—about a quarter of a mile this side of the pond, they said."

"Oh, yes—that pond. You know, you'd better do something about that, but *quick!* You're raising the finest mosquito crop in Maine down there."

"Mosquitoes! Oh, horrors, what do I do?"

"I would suggest kerosene," he said,

"Why don't you weigh something?" he inquired, but not in any spirit of criticism.

ILLUSTRATOR EDWIN A. GEORGI

and added, because she looked rather blank and helpless, "I'll send down a couple of kids from the Station with a can of the stuff, if you like, and they'll do it for you."

"Are you one of those students up at the Biological Station?" she inquired incredulously.

"Believe it or not, I'm one of the professors," he corrected gently.

"Beg pardon," she murmured, still incredulous. "W-would you like a cracker?" And further to placate him, she offered him the open box from her lap, while he recognized with delight that slight hesitation not quite amounting to a stammer which Elizabeth Dare allowed to overtake her at moments of stress, even when she was singing.

"Thanks very much." He accepted a cracker and bit into it.

☆ FOR another silent moment they regarded each other with deepening interest. She saw that his eyes were gray with a dark ring around the iris, and his straight hair had a boyish lock which escaped just forward of his left temple, and his mouth was big and generous, with deep, humorous corners. He noticed that Elizabeth Dare's candid brow was just as white by day as under the spotlight, and that her eyelashes turned up just as inquiringly.

"As a matter of fact," he heard himself saying as though he was rather a long way from himself, "we were going to draw lots up at the Station for the dangerous privilege of calling on you about the pond. It looks as though I've won hands down."

"Well, that's good," Elizabeth agreed pretty vaguely, wondering what happened to his face when he really smiled. "And if you would see to it for me I'd be very grateful."

"Pleasure."

"Thank you. By the way," she went on, for he seemed to have a boundless capacity for intimate silence, "whatever it was you were chasing, you caught it." And she pointed to the butterfly net on the ground behind him which was lively with imprisoned effort.

He removed his eyes from her face with a sort of wrench and glanced over his shoulder with interest of another kind, alert and impersonal—the look which later on she was to classify with a capital letter as Science.

"Why, so I did!" he said in pleased surprise. "Excuse me." He took a wide-mouthed cyanide bottle from the pocket of his suède jacket and laid it on the grass. With a single deft pounce he pinned down the liveliness in the net, slid his other hand under the rim, and brought out a large brown butterfly held neatly by the body between his thumb and forefinger. Its wings were quiet now. With his free hand he uncorked the bottle and dropped the butterfly in. "*Anosia plexippus*," he remarked. "Just what we wanted."

"You know, you're not my idea of a professor at all," she told him suddenly, with a note of accusation in it.

"Aren't you a little behind the times?" He clasped his hands round his jackknifed knees, contemplating her with serene gray eyes. "Nowadays professors usually remember to get their hair cut, and seldom lose their umbrellas, and even take their wives to the movies. Some of them can actually steer a woman round a dance floor without falling flat on their faces."

"And do you take your wife to the movies?" asked Elizabeth Dare, trying to look as though it didn't really matter to her what his answer was going to be.

"I would if I had a wife." His voice was very low in the spreading silence all around them. "And when I fall flat on my face there's always a good reason. Besides—" He broke off. Or rather, he just decided not to go on.

"Besides what?"

"Well—" His gaze slid away from hers, out to sea, and his eyebrows were not level with each other, which gave him a quizzical, secretive look she found quite irresistible, so that she leaned forward, watching him. "I was only trying not to say that I'd fallen for Elizabeth Dare years ago, anyway."

"How many years ago?" she demanded, her elbows on her knees, waiting for his eyes to come back to her.

"Let's see, it must have been round about 1930."

"Oh, nonsense! In 1930 you still had your milk teeth!"

He looked at her then with a quick turn of his head, one eyebrow well aloft.

"That is probably the most insulting thing anybody has ever said to me—and lived," he remarked deliberately. "I graduated from college in 1931."

"With honors!" Again her tone held unreasonable accusation.

"Yes, and my football letter! Do you want to make anything of that?"

"No—oh, no!" She backed down hastily. "It's very nice of you to be so interested in my—career."

☆ "YOU'RE getting to be an expensive hobby," he admitted, relaxing again before her expression of respectful gravity. "These night clubs you've gone in for lately—after half a dozen times it begins to run into money, even if I stag it."

"Half a dozen! I'll have to get you a pass!"

"H'm-mm," he said decisively, and shook his head. "I should say—no, thanks. That wouldn't be the same thing at all."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, I don't know if I can explain—but—seeing Elizabeth Dare, on the stage or at a night club, is something very special. You have to work up to it, pick a day when you can get away from the campus, get the ticket or the table reservation in advance, check off the days on a calendar, send your evening clothes to be pressed, pack a bag, catch a train to New York, go to a hotel—and then at last you've got it, the thing you've been working up to. There she is. Singing—dancing—looking so beautiful—Elizabeth Dare in Person." He shot her one of his clear, slanting looks with a wary edge to it. "If I could walk in just any night, or every night," he went on, "it would be too easy. Elizabeth Dare shouldn't be easy. She should be hard to get to—very expensive—and too soon lost again. And, believe me, on an associate professor's salary that's exactly what she is!"

"She's human, you know. It's not much fun for her—the way you tell it."

"She's got a world of her own, I guess," he said. "She doesn't have to pick her friends out of the front row."

"What's your name?" she asked impersonally, watching the horizon behind his head. "Since you know so much about me."

"My name's Rodney Monroe."

"What are you professor of? Butterflies?"

"Ornithology—birds."

"Oh, birds! That's not so bad! I'd like to know more about birds, myself. Why are you messing about with butterflies?"

"I don't confine myself to any one thing up here. That's why I like this place. We all mess about with whatever happens to be going on."

"Do you really like it? Teaching those brats up at the Station, I mean."

☆ "WELL, it's some satisfaction to see young people find themselves—make a false start, maybe, in the wrong subject—and then suddenly orient themselves and get off on the other foot to something that may become their lifework. Take a case we have up there now—a funny, homely kid, if you like, but sharp as tacks. For two years that little Jackson girl has been doing marine zoology, got good marks, seemed perfectly happy in it. And then suddenly, a few days ago, she saw a bird! I mean really saw one for the first time, as a living problem. Well, she's thrown over two years of marine zoology like that, to begin at the bottom with birds, perfectly certain that's where her real inclination lies. Now I call that very interesting psychologically, don't you?"

"Before I answer I'd want to see what the professor of marine zoology looks like."

"Mercer? He's a nice little guy with spectacles and—Say, what did you mean by that?"

She gave him her charming pointed smile.

"Not very bright, are you?" she suggested. "Don't get around much."

He became excessively reasonable, as though she were a half-wit child.

"Now, look. Mercer is a *very* brilliant man. He— Oh, no, you've got it all wrong. I never— Well, I *hope* you're wrong!" he ended lamely, remembering several incidents in a new light.

"Show me Mercer and I'll tell you whether I'm wrong or not!"

"All right. Come on up to the Station and see him. Let's settle this thing! Come now."

"All right, I will!"

He rose in a single fluid movement,

like a dancer, and his hand was firm and warm as he reached down to help her to her feet—perhaps forgetting that she would come up like a dancer too, facing him, her hand still in his. He was very tall, two yards and several inches of him, and she herself was tall for a woman. He stood looking down into her face, which seemed flawless in the searching light, her dark curls brushed back so you could see her small ears. As he stepped back reluctantly, their fingers parted.

He glanced round the little glade, his nose lifted to a faint stir of air.

"Do you notice that fragrance? I can't make out what it is. Sort of a combination of garden flowers."

"It might be me," she murmured.

"Well, yes, I suppose it might be," he agreed, and bent easily from the waist to collect the net and the cyanide bottle from among the shiny wintergreen leaves. "Everybody up

at the Station is going to drop dead when I walk in with you."

He stood watching her as she turned back along the way she had come. "That path, as I know very well, takes us out on to your front lawn. To get to the Station we go round this way."

"I've got a better idea," she said. "You have breakfast with me at the house first, and I'll drive you back."

"Would that be all right?" He was visibly tempted.

"Why not?"

"Well, I—didn't know what your arrangements might be. I—"

"There's just me and Mary the cook and Snorky the Pekingese—and nobody under the bed, if that's what you mean!"

He looked shocked.

"I didn't suppose—I mean, it's none of my business—"

"I'm hungry," she interrupted briskly. "Hurry up, and then we can tell each other the story of our lives over coffee."

"If you can shed any light on how Elizabeth Dare got this way, I'd certainly be glad to listen," he remarked as they moved along the path in step. "You know, that's a very dangerous name you've got there—"

"Dangerous? How?"

"A man is liable to get his tongue twisted so that it comes out Elizabeth Dear before he knows where he is. I suppose most people call you that—" His voice trailed away apologetically.

"Most people call me Liz."

"Yes, I know. Liz Dear—I mean Dare."

They had come to a place where they had to go single file, and he put her in front of him with a protective arm laid lightly round her waist for a moment. In that brief touch she felt his strength and balance and command, felt all his quiet masculinity against which one could lean so confidently, and she stumbled over her own feet with surprise at her thoughts, for she had never been a leaner. Steady, Liz, for heaven's sake, he's only a boy, she thought—no, he's got to be thirty—well, suppose he is thirty, he's still just the young man in the front row. Liz, what's got into you? I don't know what's got into me, but I like it, I hope it lasts, I hope— And here she stumbled again, for she very seldom talked back to herself, and when she did it was a bad sign.

"Hi," he remarked from the rear, his own unhurried footfalls inaudible. "Pick 'em up. Or do I have to carry you?"

"That would be lovely," she said over her shoulder, before Liz could stop her.

This was just as they reached the sketchy ford, where the tide stood almost level with the steppingstones. His hands came down over her shoulders with the net and the bottle.

"Take these," he said, and automatically she obeyed.

Her feet left the ground and she found herself very high up, held horizontally in his arms, the soft suède of his jacket against her cheek.

"Why don't you weigh something?" he inquired, but not in any spirit of criticism, and she felt him crossing the ford without apparently looking where he was going. "Give a man a real workout; there's nothing to this."

"Do put me down," she said as soon as she had enough breath.

"What's the matter? Aren't you comfortable?"

He stood still in the path to look down into her face. Taking her nonplused silence for acquiescence, he started on again, carrying her with insulting ease, not showing the least strain even in his breathing.

"S-somebody might s-see us," she murmured faintly, not caring if somebody did.

Instantly, however, he set her on her feet.

"Sorry," he said, "It was a crazy thing to do and I apologize."

"I rather liked it," she said, and turned jauntily up the path ahead of him. (Really, Liz! Well, I did like it! Why not let him know? *Really*, Liz—!)

His face as he followed was very thoughtful. He had been guilty of showing off like a schoolboy—succumbing to a sudden unaccountable impulse to demonstrate his own perfect balance and co-ordination to this woman who danced and sang in a spotlight. And why? Not because she's Elizabeth Dare. No, not that any more. But because she's a woman who has made you feel like a schoolboy again, and so you up and act like one all over the place. That sort of thing won't get you anywhere. You don't get a whole new world in the blink of an eye, you know. What have you got for Elizabeth Dare? Talking to yourself, eh? That's bad. Well, how was I to know I'd ever find her sitting on a log? And even if I did, what right has she to be just the way I wanted her to be? Say, what goes on here? You've got no time for this.

"Do you ever talk to yourself?" she asked casually, without turning round.

Startled to a standstill, he stood staring at her until she felt it and glanced back over her shoulder.

"Why did you ask that?" he demanded.

"Because I do. I just wondered." She stood there in the path ahead of him, waiting for his answer.

"And what do you say to yourself?" There was no derision in his level eyes.

"Well, this time I was saying to myself: Liz, I was saying, just because you saw the sunrise this morning is no reason for you to take off, I was saying—life is still the same old shoddy, imitation, second-rate, underhand proposition it was yesterday. You don't get a whole new world, I said, like a rabbit out of a hat—"

"—in the blink of an eye," he finished simultaneously, and they gazed at each other between fright and incredulity. "I said it first," he managed then.

"You mean—just now—you—"

"Yep. I've been laying down the law to myself ever since we left the ford. And we're both absolutely right, you know. There's nothing in it—for either of us." And while the words were still on his lips he knew quick panic at having read her thoughts and brutally voiced his own.

She blinked once while his meaning went home.

"No, of course not," she agreed. "Nothing in it at all. Merely a matter of propinquity."

☆ SNORKY met them at the door, the warmth of his greeting to his lady complicated by the necessity of frightening away the tall stranger by sounding like a bull mastiff. Rodney, halted in his tracks by the dreadful din, stood with the knob of the screen door still in his hand and looked down at the champion.

"My goodness me," he commented mildly. "The lions are loose!"

"Shut up, Snorky. He's a professor," said Elizabeth. "*Shut up, I say!*" she yelled, and bopped her protector with the cracker box to no effect.

"Now, wait a minute," suggested Rodney reasonably, and laid down the

(*Continued on page 49*)

CARTOON BY ARMANDO

JAPANESE SPIES AND WHAT THEY DID

There was a pattern behind it all . . . . . It's an amazing story

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

☆ SCENE I: Jim's Place, a waterfront "beer parlor" in a disreputable neighborhood on the West Coast.

PRESENT: A mixed company of yellow, black, and white seafaring men and boys—some of them sailors, but most of them mess and galley help, dishwashers and the like—from a Japanese training ship and two United States cruisers lying in the harbor; also, yellow, black, and white girls of a type adequately described by any strong Anglo-Saxon adjective which means the opposite of "nice."

The place stank. Cheap perfume, rank tobacco, spilled beer, unwashed bodies—it was a typical night at Jim's when the fleet was in.

Through the narrow alley door pushed more and still more fun-starved waifs from the sea. At the damp sticky tables furtive hangers-on and brazen sex peddlers moved over to make chair room for their new victims. In a far corner a tired Negro piano player vied with a decrepit juke box in grinding out last year's tunes. There was no room to dance.

Back and forth, never hurried, seldom observed, but continually on the move, glided rather than walked a stocky, middle-aged, respectable-looking man of pleasing personality. His clothes were immaculately American, and his heavy black mustache was trimmed in the latest American tonsorial style, but his lack of stature—he barely cleared five feet—and his complexion, which was slightly on the amber side, proclaimed him a Japanese.

This was Jim. At least, "Jim" was the name he was known by at the tables where he occasionally stopped to chat with resident Orientals of the district or porters and dock hands from the near-by Japanese-line pier. He wasted little time, however, on his fellow countrymen, but concentrated unostentatiously, almost stealthily, on tables occupied by thirsty galley and cabin boys with gold-lettered U. S. ship names on their round-brimmed caps.

He loved to listen to the chatter of these sailor boys, Jim did. Silently he would laugh when a good new wisecrack floated toward him through the fog of smoke. He did not laugh, but he did not neglect to notice and remember, when he heard a cabin boy—who perhaps had had unusual opportunities—repeat a conversation he had overheard about the fleet's next probable destination.

"Where's Hank these days?" one boy would ask.

"He's on the Oklahoma," another would answer.

"Gee, he was a swell guy—wish he'd walk in that door right now!" a girl would chip in.

"He won't, baby. My Old Man says the Okie is digging in at Pearl Harbor, and that's what we'll be doing in another month."

A silly way, you say, for a mature and obviously prosperous business man to spend his time: listening to the idle chitchat of half-tipsy cabin boys and their girls; but in the past fifteen years the so-called Jim had listened to thousands of such conversations, and from them, with the help of a hydrographic map of the Pacific coast area, he was in a position to keep the Japanese Navy fully informed of the projected movements and maneuvers of the United States Pacific Fleet.

He was, as a matter of fact, engaged in this nefarious activity the night before the day that will live in infamy.

☆ SCENE II: A thickly carpeted book-lined room, the Oriental Department of an important library in a metropolitan center on the eastern coast of the United States.

PRESENT: A continuing stream of little yellow men and women, mostly men, unassuming, scrupulously polite, a bit awkward in their American store clothes, but dignified and self-contained.

Most of these visitors brought with them paper-covered books which they delivered forthwith to a soft-spoken young woman behind the desk, and, after the usual library routine of signing and stamping, departed promptly with other paper-covered books.

The clerk at the desk was a pretty, oval-faced, smiling young Japanese woman, a model of efficiency and courtesy, who dispensed her smiles in careless prodigality to all who came: Chinese and Japs, even the occasional American delver into Oriental lore; and, so far as the eye could detect, she gave to all the same service. Her quick capable hands grasped the incoming books. Her small feet and silk-shod ankles carried her with lilting grace from desk to bookcase and back to desk to provide the outgoing ones.

No one would have suspected that by these simple acts she was performing one of the most delicate operations in international espionage—that she was, in short, what John Dillinger or Baby-face Nelson would have called a "post office."

Spies have often concealed in the paper covers of incoming library volumes the daily reports of operatives in the espionage services and have likewise concealed in the paper covers of outgoing volumes the daily orders to operatives from the high command.

☆ SCENE III: A modern air-conditioned bustling department store in a Western city having a large Japanese population.

PRESENT: Customers, hundreds of them, all races and colors, every hour, every day.

Always smiling, always "at service," was a youthful Japanese of intellectual—you might say aristocratic—appearance—part clerk, part interpreter—whose job it was to wait on customers of his own race and to facilitate sales transactions between such customers and his fellow clerks.

Everybody liked Jim—yes, that was the name which he, too, had assumed—and in the course of years he seemed to have built up a large personal following among the store's Japanese customers. From seventy-five to a hundred of these came to the store each business day to trade with Jim—and they would accept no substitute. In fact, they treated the unassuming clerk with unusual consideration, almost deference.

Long conversations this Jim the Salesman had with his favorite customers, always conducted, of course, in Japanese syllables unintelligible to Jim's fellow clerks. There was nothing offensive to the ear in these low-voiced gabfests, and seemingly nothing the least bit sinister, for they were invariably punctuated by those quick nervous little laughs which feature even the most serious discussions among the Nipponese.

This Jim, like so many of his race when exposed to the photogenic scenery of North America—had become a camera fiend. So, too, apparently had many of his closest friends among those who were so faithful and so persistent in their patronage of the big store.

On days off, Jim himself got out his favorite camera and busied himself photographing points of interest. Could it be that some of his best customers, acting presumably on instructions received from him during those long laughter-punctuated conversations at the counter, performed similar chores, and delivered to him next day the celluloid fruits of their labors for transmission to naval and military authorities in Japan?

☆ HERE you have three instances—three of many which I could give, and will give—of individual Japanese doing very different kinds of espionage work under very different circumstances and against very different backgrounds. Yet, if we examine carefully, we observe a pattern common to them all.

The middle-aged man in the waterfront hangout, the soft-spoken clerk in the Eastern library, the popular salesman in the crowded department store had each chosen a vantage point where it was natural and safe for large numbers of people continually to come and go, where letters or parcels could be received and delivered without attracting suspicion or even attention.

All three were engaged in collecting many separate and probably minute bits of information which could be useful in an important way only if they were pieced together by some one who knew the form and purpose of the effort as a whole—in short, what looked like sporadic activities by widely separated individuals must be part of a carefully considered and directed plan.

All three, too, were obviously executives rather than mere operatives in this nation-wide spy organization. They were trusted to direct others and privileged to transmit their find-

ings to high authorities. They were not the unimportant people they seemed.

Jim, the café proprietor who concealed fifty-eight years under a much more youthful exterior, and a dapper Americanized wardrobe had been a ranking officer in the Imperial Japanese Army during the Russo-Japanese War. Except for five return trips to Nippon, where he moved in social and official circles which contrasted markedly with the nightly gatherings in his water-front dive, he had been continuously active as an advance lookout in the United States.

The pretty soft-voiced clerk in the Eastern library was a graduate of Tokyo Women's College and of an eastern United States university, and the recipient of M. A. and Ph. D. degrees from a Midwestern university. In appreciation of her services, one Japanese Ambassador inscribed books of poetry to her, and Japanese consular and diplomatic representatives were continually her escorts at official balls and dinners.

As for Jim, the salesman in the Western department store, his real name was Nomura, and he was a cousin to Kichisaburo Nomura who was—before December 7, 1941—Japan's laughing Ambassador to the United States.

Now, it shouldn't be thought for a moment that it took a bombing of Pearl Harbor to bring these nefarious activities to the attention of the authorities in Washington. J. Edgar Hoover and his special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation are far too keen for that!

For years, working in closest cooperation with the State Department and the intelligence services of the army and navy, Mr. Hoover has had these and some thirteen hundred other Japanese under continual surveillance. For diplomatic reasons, in order to assist the government in its long and noble effort to avert war, secret methods rather than public prosecutions have usually been adopted, although in some instances actual arrests have been made and the prisoners "allowed" to leave the country forthwith.

More than this no one could do until the Japs themselves, by their own wanton betrayal of confidence, freed the G-men's hands. Then, as proof of how thorough had been the investigation and how close the surveillance, substantially every Japanese suspect in America was in custody within twenty-four hours of the dropping of the first bomb on Pearl Harbor.

Even during the long period when our investigative officials' hands were tied, their brains weren't.

The uniform pattern in all these spy cases was not lost on Hoover and his men: it argued a national system operated from a national G. H. Q.; and the unusual social standing and connections of the spies themselves suggested that the G. H. Q. in question would be no ordinary run-of-the-mill espionage office.

It wasn't. It was the Japanese high command.

A group of high Nipponese officials was, the G-men soon discovered, guiding the Jap spy system in America. While Nomura and Kurusu smiled for the cameramen, this group did the dirty work with the boys in the back room. Its authority over espionage in both North America and South America was absolute and complete. In July of 1941, one of this group traveled 20,000 miles throughout the Western Hemisphere.

Under him, and working closely with him, were other important military and naval officers, one of whom, although enjoying the rank of a captain of the line, was really a Japanese intelligence officer. In his office he had a large number of clerks, few of whom actually were clerks, all of whom were naval officers or members of the Japanese intelligence corps. They were all potential spies. Other naval officers, outside men, operated directly with this office.

One of the latter, an engineers lieutenant of the Imperial Japanese Navy, was discovered trying to matriculate at a school in Pennsylvania which was doing confidential laboratory research on armor for the United States army and navy. The naval attaché interceded personally for the applicant but didn't effect the desired entrance.

And not all the assignments of these official spies were exciting or dramatic. They included such apparently unimportant tasks as copying birth certificates of new-born Japanese babies, so that Jap plotters of twenty and thirty years later would know how many second- and third-generation Nipponese there were in America on whose co-operation they might be able to depend. That's how meticulously the Jap spy system in America did its job.

Nowhere was this microscopic type of official espionage more skillfully developed than in the Hawaiian Islands.

Much has been written of the fifth-columnist activities in Hawaii; and since, out of a total population of a little over 400,000, nearly 160,000, or 40 per cent, are Japanese, it was inevitable that the invaders should have profited in some degree by subversive civilian activities. But the Japanese government was not leaving any of this all-important quisling to unorganized efforts by Japanese residents in the islands.

A group of high Japanese officials occupied in Honolulu the same position as to espionage that the similar group did in Washington. Under them were 219 consular agents distributed to advantage throughout the islands. Many of these agents were Buddhist priests, who were also active, as we shall see, on the American mainland. In Hawaii there is a Buddhist preaching place, a *fukyojo,* in every community, and the priests have a great influence over the people.

Linked to these official and religious espionage systems were the more than 700 teachers in the 169 Jap schools, the editors and reporters of the nineteen Jap magazines and newspapers in the islands, and the Japanese radio station (with programs initiated in Tokyo), which significantly, on September 1, changed its frequency.

In America proper, two of the most effective pieces of machinery for stealing American secrets were the Japanese Naval Inspector's Office and the frankly named Japanese Ordnance Inspector's Office, both in New York City but each directly responsible to the Washington attaché representing its arm of the service. The former organization, for example, averaged a monthly purchase of $500,000 worth of material, much of which was of sample character, to be sent to Japan for inspection and, if possible, duplication.

The exporting activities of these offices were menaced but apparently not blocked by the embargo on the shipment of goods to Japan.

For example, in San Francisco there was a Jap in the transfer business who was known to be in frequent communication with the New York Naval Inspector's Office. He handled most of the trucking business for the official Japanese Pavilion at the Treasure Island World's Fair, but his activities were not confined to such obvious and apparently aboveboard government operations.

This man, year in and year out, United States investigators discovered, got the baggage-transfer business of all the Japanese "big shots" passing through San Francisco from boat to train and train to boat. Part of his duties was to change the names on the labels of incoming luggage, whose owners wished to avoid customs inspection, to names of known

diplomatic officials entitled to the freedom of the port. What his duties might be in regard to outgoing luggage was not discovered until the arrest, in 1941, of one Giza Uyena, who had gained access to a San Francisco pier on a pass issued by the transfer man, and was detected, with an accomplice, trying to smuggle a consignment of contraband machine tools aboard the Japanese steamship, Asama Maru.

☆ UYENA got a year and a day; his companion, probation. The transfer man, against whom nothing could be proved, got nothing—but the agents of the F. B. I. had their own ideas about him and never let him out of their sight—and now he is in the clink. That he anticipated some such fate is shown by the fact that, just before the recent debacle, he allegedly disposed of his business to his son, who, having been born in the United States, commands the protection of American citizenship.

To reinforce these resident officials of the Jap intelligence system and to act as couriers for information too important to trust to the mail or the radio or even the diplomatic pouch, Tokyo adopted the practice of sending high military and naval officers on "good-will tours" to the United States. More than a hundred of these official visitors honored America last year, including Major Itizi Sugita, head of that part of the Imperial Japanese Army's intelligence service assigned to collecting maps and other data concerning United States defenses.

"Typhoid Marys," that's what they were, these carriers of poison—of Japanese propaganda to the United States, of American secrets back to Japan.

From the most casual examination of the itineraries of these distinguished visitors, it is easy to see that their real purpose was to confer with Japanese propaganda and espionage agents stationed at strategic points throughout the country. These agents divide roughly into two classes: army and navy officers disguised as "language students" or "language teachers" in American schools and universities; and officials of the many Japanese "front" societies and associations of a supposedly social, educational, and religious nature, which are in almost every case branches of similar semiofficial organizations in Japan.

The story of either of these groups, or of any of the leading figures of either group, would fill a book; but there is no space in this brief analysis of Japanese espionage activities to do justice to the exploits of these men and women who stood on the front line of the Jap spy effort, to print the thrilling stories of their perilous adventures and their hair breadth escapes.

Semiofficial, but actually a vital part of this Tokyo-controlled espionage system, were the representatives of various Japanese newspapers and news agencies on the Washington front.

Fukuichi Fukumoto, for example, correspondent of the Tokyo journal Nichi Nichi, was kept on the job in Washington, even after being recalled by his home office, because of his usefulness to the embassy underground. He it was who planned to steal the invaluable blueprints of the recently invented supercharger which has so greatly increased the horsepower and ceiling possibilities of the fast American pursuit planes. He is known to have paid out over $2,500 in connection with this attempt.

If you followed in detail the hearings of the Dies Committee investigating subversive activities, you are familiar with the name of a Mr. Sato, who played the part of a special writer for Domei, the big Tokyo news agency, but who was found to be a paid employee of the Jap Naval Inspector's Office connected with the Japanese consulate.

Sato's identity was discovered by a smart American newspaperman working in co-operation with the F. B. I., who noted that the telephone number Sato had given him was removed by only a few digits from that of the consulate itself. The reporter called the consulate number, insisted that Mr. Sato had told him to call him there, and, after being told repeatedly that no such person was known at that address, succeeded in getting the man himself to come through on the consulate switchboard. Thereafter the mysterious Mr. Sato, who had previously shown up in various guises in other espionage centers throughout the United States and Mexico, troubled us no more.

Further revelations by Frederick Lewis of the sinister activities of Japanese spies in America will appear in an early issue.

These superspies cloaked in the mantle of respectable journalism were, of course, among the first offenders rounded up by J. Edgar Hoover and his G-men. Most important prisoner, perhaps, was Kiyoshi Kawakami, veteran Washington correspondent, in whose home the notorious American traitor, John Semer Farnsworth, graduate of Annapolis and a former lieutenant commander of the United States Navy, secretly met a commander of the Imperial Japanese Navy and arranged for the sale of naval and air-force secrets to the Nipponese government.

The Farnsworth case, which received wide publicity in 1936 because it was said to be the first peacetime prosecution in our entire history, and the almost simultaneous unmasking of a similar betrayal on the West Coast by Harry Thomas Thompson, a former yoeman of the United States Navy, marked a turning point in Japanese espionage in America.

Up to that time Nipponese officials, recognizing the handicaps imposed by their countrymen's distinctive color and Oriental appearance, had relied on white men, American traitors, for the actual stealing of military and naval secrets; but when the Farnsworth and Thompson cases resulted in convictions for the American Benedict Arnolds and indictments against prominent Jap naval officers, who were saved from prison sentences only by sudden flight from the country, both white sellers and yellow buyers of stolen information became leery of such risky treasonable transactions.

When, in May, 1938, a youthful inspector in a large West Coast aircraft factory, whose name was Karl Drummond, betrayed his trust by stealing highly confidential blueprints and photographs disclosing details of a dive bomber which was in the experimental stage of construction for the United States Navy, and tried to sell these stolen goods to high Japanese officials in Los Angeles, the latter were advised by the big boss in Washington to have nothing to do with the would-be traitor.

This was probably one of the most sincere tributes ever paid to the efficiency of J. Edgar Hoover and the Federal Bureau of Investigation!

Convinced of the futility of attaining their objectives by the collaboration of white-skinned informants, Tokyo strategists began to develop the strictly nationalistic, microscopic, piece-by-piece, Japanese-print technique which we have seen in such successful operation in the waterfront café, the metropolitan library, and the crowded downtown department store—a technique which could be operated only by trusted representatives of the ruling class in the Nipponese Empire.

☆ I COULD give you dozens, hundreds, of similar examples of apparently humble Japanese engaged in similar "personal contact" occupations, who were actually highly placed and influential people in Japan's social and official hierarchy. I select at random:

The Jap in Alaska who ran, among other things, a laundry, yet who was of such importance that a newly appointed Japanese consul at Seattle made it his first business to take a trip to consult for a week with him.

The Jap in San Francisco, a small-time cleaner and dyer, who, to the surprise of his employees and customers, associated on the most intimate terms of social equality with a visiting admiral of the Imperial Japanese Navy.

The Jap in Seattle who ran a little "snap-you-while-you-wait" photo shop frequented by sailors off Japanese training and merchant ships, and who, in his nonphotographic moments, played host to the brother of Japan's former dictator and premier, Prince Konoye.

The Jap in Hollywood who acted for fifteen years as a famous movie star's valet and who . . .

But perhaps I have told enough to show the kind of people the Jap spies were—and what they did!

THE END

THE CONSTANT MIRACLE

They had watched the sun go down across Montauk while the rest were having cocktails.

"Be a doctor," he told himself. "An impersonal machine." But when it's the woman you love . .

BY CHARLES BONNER

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

☆ HE ceased speaking, turned from the curving tiers of absorbed faces in the operating theater, glanced at the anesthetist who had just raised the cone, at the two attendant nurses, impassive and alert, and whispered to the interne, Smithson, "What is it?"

Smithson took his fingers from the woman's pulse and said, "Fading."

But, underneath the assumed impersonality that science had drilled into the younger man, Trent Holmes glimpsed the simple human anxiety. He was grateful for that. Up there, in the crowded rows, those young student whippersnappers were just at the stage when everything appeared to be cold technique. Certainly they were attentive, interested, acquisitive. But beyond that, if they had any emotion, it was all in favor of the comic. Afterward, over a soda or a beer, they would barter the cracks they were now thinking up. While he, a veteran of thirty-five, the lecturer, the skilled demonstrator, would probably retire to the men's room and be sick.

He could not help himself. That was the way he was. He could never get it out of his head that a case was not only a scientific problem or a professional opportunity, but a human appeal, challenging his skill—and every resource of his heart and body.

As he worked without turning his head, his clear, outwardly calm words floated over his shoulder to the silent, listening seats.

"This is a podalic version," he said. He heard himself saying it precisely, coldly, scientifically, as if it didn't matter—as if this flesh were just s much malleable metal.

"The operation is made necessary partly by the exhausted condition of the patient, who is in her first confinement. Moreover, because of an abnormally slow blood coagulation, a Caesarean may not be risked. Prolongation of labor would undoubtedly be fatal to both mother and child."

He felt his own pulse quicken as he contemplated each difficult step in the operation. And, afterward, they would tell him how simple it had seemed. Smithson would tell him that —Smithson, there, acting, for the benefit of the undergraduates and the probationers in the gallery, as if it were just so much routine.

". . . and the operation is considered a difficult one. . . ."

He could feel the perspiration dampening his cap as he undertook this stage, exerting the last ounce of will power to maintain the same cool, pedagogic voice level.

He glanced sharply at Smithson. Smithson did not speak. His face said, "Hurry."

Swiftly and with the skill with which he knew he was abundantly blessed, he went through the familiar steps. There were no complications. It was so very simple. It was simply a race against time. And every nerve in his body responded.

He nodded to Smithson, who went swiftly into action.

Somehow, his voice went on with cool precision. It was no longer part of him. It rebounded from the walls, falling strangely on his ears.

". . . And here—and here—"

And here was a child born living.

It was not until the students had got up and were moving out in awed and unusual silence, and the baby and mother had been whisked away that Trent recovered full realization of where he was.

Then he saw Smithson's face, all the scientific impersonality gone. "May I say so, sir—I've never seen a more magnificent job! The speed, the technique, the coolness! I wish some day I could come within a mile of it."

"Thank you," Trent murmured. And then he added with almost pathetic anxiety, "I think she'll pull through, don't you, Smithson?"

The interne looked grateful for this appeal. "Both," he said with solid belief, "thanks to you. No one else could have done it, sir."

Absently Trent patted the younger man's shoulder and went out. In the hall no one seemed to notice the slight stumble in his walk.

Speed. Technique. Coolness! Yes, you had to have those things. You gave them. But what of the things you received, that made your technique of any use? The patient's hope and faith. You couldn't put it into a lecture. You couldn't explain those things. You could only go into the lavatory and be sick, with relief and happiness.

He got into his car and drove across town to his office and the morning calendar of private patients. A little past nine o'clock, and he'd already packed into a few moments of one day enough drama to satisfy most people for a lifetime. It was a wonderful disease, this parenthood. A highly communicable disease. Epi-

demic, really. Only, he, apparently, was immune. But that wasn't entirely his own idea. Abruptly, the smile faded.

Silly of a man not to be able to get one girl out of his head—when there were so many who were good-looking and clever and decent. This affinity notion was utter rot, an Edwardian sentimentalism. And yet, when he had met Marcia Prince he'd been so absolutely, so downrightly positive. From the very first second that he had lost himself in her violet eyes. Really violet.

The start had been on Bill Montross' sleek schooner-yacht. They had watched the sun go down across Montauk while the rest of the crowd were having cocktails in the main cabin. They completely missed the dinner gong as the darkness slowly enfolded them and somehow their deck chairs crept closer together. And during that time, he supposed, they hadn't exchanged six sentences.

It was Bill Montross himself who came to collect them, and Trent thought his booming laugh was not entirely mirthful. "I was about to launch a boat," Montross boomed. "Certain you two had fallen overboard."

He had put a hand beneath Marcia's elbow and led her away with a proprietary air.

And Trent remembered thinking that, yes, they had fallen overboard and their lungs were still too full for words. It was like that. A man could tell.

☆ WHEN he saw her next, at luncheon on the Wednesday following the week-end, he was a little afraid he had dreamed it all, that this couldn't have happened to a farmer's boy from Wisconsin and to a member of the magnificent Prince clan.

And the next dozen luncheons and dinners and walks in the park had been just as quietly thrilling.

The incredible—the miraculous—thing to Trent was that she accepted what was clearly happening to both of them as the most natural thing in the world; which, of course, it wasn't. He was not a snob, but when Marcia casually mentioned—which she didn't often—the opera, the horse show, or the shindigs of the Junior League, his blood ran cold. They were the tangible symbols of the separation between their worlds which a growing reputation as a professional "stork" by no means bridged. As a realist, he knew that, of the two worlds, his was the lesser. But Marcia seemed utterly unaware of that.

He tried to warn her.

"You know, I'm just a hick," he said; "a hick from Wisconsin."

"Yes, Trent."

"Doesn't it make any difference?"

"Not if you are—not if you were a good hick. Not if you did your job."

He looked at his hands with new pride, remembering the service they had done, from the time he was ten, at the side of the tall, grave man who was now buried beneath the soil they had plowed together.

"Yes," he said, "I think so. It was a simple straightaway job like—like the one I do now. They're both kind of . . ." He struggled to explain, but it wouldn't come. The poetry of it was in his mind constantly, but he couldn't express it.

"They're both fundamental and beautiful," she said. "The fertile soil."

As no one he'd ever met, she understood that.

He was aware of his slow pace in pursuing matters, but he could not help it. That was something congenitally deep in him, as fundamental to his nature as his feelings about life and death. This was his courtship. It was part of a rhythm, beautiful in its own right, and unabridgable. Love, he told himself, had its own peculiar confinement. He felt sure Marcia agreed.

It was this way, some weeks after they had first met, when Marcia sailed unexpectedly with her parents for a month's stay in Bermuda. And Trent realized abruptly that he was no longer in Deep Ford, Wisconsin, where young women in the process of being beloved could be relied on not to hop off on foreign holidays at a moment's notice. He decided the time had come to speak.

He did speak, ten minutes after Marcia's returning boat had docked in New York. But then it was too late.

Standing there on the pier, under the letter P, in the midst of trunks and bags and cases of wine, she told him—with, it seemed to him, a rather determined lack of reluctance. But he did not believe it, and, in an illuminating flash, he didn't believe she did, either.

"I'm going to marry Bill Montross, Trent," she said hurriedly. "We saw a lot of each other in Bermuda. It's funny how things work out—how very little we know about ourselves."

He felt that all he need do was to take her in his arms and say, "Marcia, this is nonsense. You can't do this to *us*. You and I—we're parts of the same pattern."

But he didn't. He said, "Bill is one of the best." And shook hands and went off.

☆ HE slipped now into his inner office by way of the little private hallway, but the tail of his eye swept the waiting room. He never could resist that. It gave him the same kick as on the first day his fingers had caressed the new brass plate on the outer door.

Every chair was taken, he saw. And wasn't that the perennial Mrs. Doyle? God bless her soul and body.

"Good morning," he said to Mary Heath as he hung his coat in the closet and slipped into the neat surgical blouse. "The reports of race suicide, I see, have been grossly exaggerated."

It was a favorite and hackneyed crack, but it had served well, for three years now, as a daily salutation to his secretary-nurse. It was a small bit of ritual they both enjoyed, a mutual pledge of dedication to the business they were engaged in. The business of giving life.

"Six," she said, "and Mrs. Doyle."

"She's a wonder," Dr. Trent Holmes said. "This will be the—"

"The ninth."

"It begins to look like mass production. I'll call her myself."

He opened the door. "Good morning," he said generally. "Mrs. Doyle, please."

His satisfied eye passed swiftly over the group. The pregnant form in various stages was not only professionally, but aesthetically, beautiful to him—as it had been to the painter Botticelli. He made a collective bow and was rewarded by a collective smile. Then, as he went back into his consulting room, the animated chattering was resumed.

☆ THE trim Mrs. Doyle, with the quietly humorous brown eyes, closed the door behind her, saying, "They *will* talk shop. You know, veteran that I am, it still gives me a kick."

"And me," Trent said.

"How did you ever come to take up this specialty? It was a brilliant idea."

He grinned. "Sheer laziness. I saw I'd never have to worry about a diagnosis. My patients would take care of that for me. Aren't you getting a little redundant, my dear lady?"

"Donald wants that baseball team," she said, "and gets awfully grouchy if I don't humor him."

A girl with round, troubled, slate-blue eyes came in after Mrs. Doyle left, and Trent said to himself, "Hello, here's one scared to death." Aloud, he said, "Sit down and have a cigarette." She didn't look a day over seventeen.

"I'm Mrs. Lake," she said a little defensively. "My family physician is Dr. Sullivan and he said you—"

Trent smiled. "Yes, I do." And offered his cigarette case.

She hesitated. "May I, really? I mean, can you if—"

"You certainly can, Mrs. Lake. See here; let's get something right at the start. If things are as you think they are, you're not ill. There's nothing more the matter with you than a good healthy sneeze, except that it's a lot more exciting. I'll tell you what I want you to do. Here's a little card on which you'll find a very easy program to follow. Outside of that, don't worry. Remember, this is a normal process, the highest function of a woman. There's no reason why you shouldn't be comfortable and happy. Many people even feel a heightened sense of well-being at this time. Isn't that so, Miss Heath?"

Miss Heath had appeared in the door with a sheaf of file cards. She gave Mrs. Lake a quick encouraging smile. "Yes. Don't let him scare you, Mrs. Lake."

"Oh, I'm not. I think I'm going to get quite a kick out of it."

"Several of them," Trent said. "Let me know as soon as you do."

"There's only one thing I'm a little worried about."

"What is that?"

Her blush was childish and attractive. "Fainting. I've heard that—"

"Imagination, mostly," Trent said firmly. "We find it, very occasionally, in neurotic women. Eh, Miss Heath?"

"Yes," Mary said slowly, "or in those subjected to great strain."

When the door had closed behind Mrs. Lake, Trent said, "Nice child. I ought to run up and see Mrs. Payne. It looks like another midnight job. I'll only be a half hour. Can you wait your lunch that long?"

"Why not?"

Something in Mary Heath's voice made him glance up sharply. "Look out, there!"

But before he could get around his desk Mary Heath had slumped into a small crumpled heap on the floor.

He picked her up easily and carried her to the couch. When he had forced a spoonful of brandy between her lips, he was rewarded by a flutter of the eyelids. He felt her pulse.

"What a fool!" she murmured..

"Ever had anything like this before?" he said.

A smile twitched the corners of her lips. "You ought to know your business, doctor," she said. "But what did you tell that little Mrs. Lake? Neurotic women? I haven't a nerve in my body."

"Mary! *You*? Good Lord!"

She sat up. "It must be the power of suggestion," she said, "working in here. Anyway, Jim and I were married a year ago."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"The job, I suppose. I guessed you wouldn't want to have around a secretary-nurse in an interesting condition."

"You should have known better. It would be an excellent advertisement. But that will be all for today."

"Then girl doesn't lose job?"

"By no means. You'll be good for eight months at least. Besides, you ought to be very useful. The ladies won't listen to me when they find you're in the same boat."

☆ WHEN Mary Heath had gone, protesting, he called up Mrs. Payne, to find that everything was under control. Then, his calendar temporarily cleared, he stood in the window overlooking the park, his hands deep in his pockets, chuckling softly, a moderately amazed expression on his face. The constant miracle. It continually amazed him.

And suddenly he was aware he was not alone. Even before he heard her voice. He turned, and there was Marcia Montross.

"I buzzed and buzzed," she said, "and no one answered, so I buzzed right in. Is this the way one of the town's leading storks spends his time, or has the birth rate really declined with the war?"

He took her hand and looked into her eyes and, whether it was right or not, it was exactly the same. The same violet eyes, absolutely frank beneath the shining dark brows which ended so abruptly and squarely in the center above the lovely Greek nose. He knew that, if he could never say anything, he didn't have to.

"How are you?" she said, and answered her question. "I can see. No change."

"No change," he said. "That's my fate."

"A good fate. Trent, can you guess why I am here?"

It was absurd, but his quick understanding gave him a shock. His throat tightened and he couldn't speak at once. Could anything be more ridiculous? This woman was the wife of Bill Montross, a man he'd known. I mean, he thought, he isn't a myth. The thing actually happened. That man married this woman. And all the

BY REAMER KELLER

"Can I have the comic section now, pop, or do I have to tell mom about the dress sale on page 5 you started the furnace with this morning?"

wishful thinking and retroactive romancing in the world wouldn't alter that fact.

"That's fine," he said finally.

"You really think so, Trent?"

"Always," he said genially. "That's my stand."

She leaned toward him. "Trent," she said, "I'm afraid. Will you take care of me?"

His hand, which was just the physical symbol of his mind, reached out to pat hers, drew back.

"There's nothing to be afraid of."

"Every woman is, a little," she said. "And she simply has to have one person to depend on. One person she can trust." She paused. "It isn't usually the obstetrician."

It spun sickeningly into his brain: The woman he loved—still loved with every ounce of his humanity—and another man's child. He must not think of it. It was unthinkable.

"Where's Bill?" The note of brutality in his voice was a mere reflection of his own pain.

Her attempt at a smile was shattered before it got under way, and the slender hands trembled as she raised them in a gesture of helplessness.

"Does the well trained wife know?"

He would not hear this. He would not open himself to this, after all he had been through. "There are lots of good men in the business," he evaded. "I'll send you to Bainbridge."

Her face rigidly still, two tears slid down unheeded. "I'm afraid, Trent," she said. The rest came out in a low, passionate whisper: "Because I hate it so!"

And, before he could check her, she poured out the story of the wreck of her marriage—of Montross' brutality, drunkenness, infidelity.

"I don't care about myself," she said. "I went in with my eyes open, swept by his power, his glitter, his sheer ruthless egoism. As I look back I hardly recognize myself. Well, I'm ready to pay for it. I *am* paying. But why—why, Trent—must this unborn thing suffer? The heredity. The future—"

"Something can be done," he said without conviction.

☆ SHE smoothed her gloves nervously. "He'd give me a divorce, I suppose. But I can't go through with that now. Trent, will you help?"

"I'll see that you get help," he said quietly. "Marcia, you've got to pull yourself together. It's not you, it's not Bill that counts. You've had your chances. It's this life to come. I'm not a preacher, but—"

The telephone cut in sharply.

"Yes, Slapsie," Trent answered. "Of course. Right away."

He put the receiver down and stood up. "That's a hurry call," he said. "My friend Magdala Mariotti. She won't go to a hospital and she won't have any one but me." He was struggling out of his white blouse as he spoke. "But I can hardly quibble. I developed my technique on her first four—in the early days. The devil! What am I going to do without Mary Heath? I'll have to call some one." He reached for the phone.

"But, Trent—"

He looked at her with sudden inspiration. "Marcia!" he said. "Yes, that's just it. You need to be yanked out of yourself. You need to find out what it's really all about. And Magdala can show you, I think." He had his hat and bag. "Coming?"

"But I don't know the first thing—"

"You'll do. This business was invented before doctors and nurses."

Trent's car was parked around the corner. They got in. He went through traffic like an awl through leather.

When they climbed the stairs in the Bleecker Street tenement, Trent went quickly into the room, ripping off his coat and waistcoat and giving a pull at his tie. The smart derby remained forgotten on his head.

The pretty dark-eyed Italian woman in the bed gave him a reassuring smile. "Any minute now," she said.

Slapsie, the undersized ex-pugilist husband, fluttered around the foot of the bed, wringing his hands.

"Will she be all right, doc?" he pleaded.

"You get out," Trent said. "Slapsie, I think you'll get used to it when Magdala has had a hundred."

(*Continued on page 44*)

AN ACTOR'S FUNNYBONE

What makes a comedian laugh? A seasoned player of stage and screen gives out with some samples

BY FRANK McHUGH

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

☆ I'VE got a lot of humorous and fond memories of the theater. But in my thirty-two years on the stage and in pictures, talking shop with friends and troupers like Allen Jenkins, Lynne Overman, Bob Armstrong, Jimmy Cagney, and all the rest, what I remember most of all are the backstage stories, the actors' anecdotes, many of them true, that I heard and laughed at.

☆ THEY tell, in Hollywood, the story of the actor who had been doing horror roles for years, and who finally hit a bad spell and was out of work. He starved. His wife and child starved. At last, in desperation, he went to a big stage producer.

"I will perform the greatest act in the world on your stage," the horror actor told the producer. "I can't get anything in the movies. But I can do this on the stage. It is something you can ballyhoo and that will make a fortune in one night. Now here's the stunt. I've enacted murder and death, but this time, if you will put $25,000 in the bank for my wife and child, I will go out on your stage and, in full view of the audience, put on my greatest horror act—I will commit suicide!"

"Great! Sensational!" exclaimed the producer. "But—what will you do for an encore?"

☆ JIM CAGNEY told me this one. It seems an actor was strolling down Broadway one afternoon, when he stopped before a scale and decided to weigh himself.

The actor inserted a penny in the machine and a hand on the machine showed his weight, and then a character card dropped out of a slot. It read:

"You are extremely egotistical and if you don't change soon, you will never get anywhere."

Of course the actor felt there must be some mistake, so he inserted another penny, and promptly another little card came out. It read, "You are extremely egotistical and if you don't change soon, you will never get anywhere."

This made the actor very angry. With a snort, he pushed another penny into the scale, and immediately a third card came out. It staggered him. It read, "Maybe you think I'm kidding!"

☆ A BRASH young Broadway actor, invited to a White House reception at the time when Coolidge was President, bragged to Washington newspapermen that even if they couldn't make President Coolidge talk, he certainly could. And, to prove it, he set right out after Coolidge at the start of the reception. Early in the evening he cornered the President and decided to win him with frankness.

"Mr. President," began the actor firmly, "I've made a bet that I can make you say at least three words."

"You lose," answered Coolidge.

☆ ON the first night of one of his shows, Oscar Hammerstein became nervous, and decided to go out and talk to the doorman of the theater, a grizzled old philosopher. They got into a discussion about what makes a good play, and the doorman ventured an opinion.

"A play, Mr. Hammerstein," drawled the doorman, "is like that cigar you're smoking."

"How so?"

"Well, sir, if it's good, everybody wants a box; but if it's bad, no amount of puffing will make it draw!"

☆ I RECALL an incident that happened to me during my first engagement away from my family. I had joined a repertory company trouping one-week stands in the Middle West. And we really were a "rep" company! We staged a different play every night, and on matinee days two different plays plus regular specialties between the acts!

All this constantly confused the entire cast.

One hectic matinee I forgot my lines, edged toward the wings and signaled the director, who was back-

stage, waiting for his own entrance. "Quick," I begged. "What's my line?"

"Quick!" replied the director. "What's the play?"

☆ THIS is Jimmy Gleason's pet Mark Twain story: A New York society woman once had Twain as guest of honor in her crowded box at the opera. She was a talkative creature, and all through the performance she chattered on and on, while Twain steadily became more and more resentful.

At last the opera was in its closing moments. The society matron turned to the author and said, "My dear, dear Mr. Twain, I do so want you to be with us a week from tonight. I'm positive you'll have a delightful time. The opera will be Tosca."

"Charmed, I'm sure," snapped Mark Twain. "I've never heard you in that!"

☆ I'VE heard my friend, Boris Karloff of Arsenic and Old Lace, tell of the woman in Brooklyn who registered a complaint with the police.

"My neighbors across the way are nudists!" she screamed over the telephone.

Finally a policeman came up, peered carefully across the way, and then shrugged and said he could see nothing.

To which the woman cried, "You can't see nothing? Why, you just stand up on this ladder and you'll see plenty!"

☆ YOUTHFUL actors, particularly during their first season, are sometimes inclined to become unduly puffed up over some comparatively minor success.

There was no one who could handle such expanding egos as ably as the late Will Rogers. In his time he deflated many, and always for their own good.

One day a cocky youngster approached him and asked, "How did you like my performance in the new show?"

"Didn't see it," flipped Rogers. "I went the second night!"

☆ AN Englishman took an American friend to see a performance of Hamlet in London. After the show the two of them walked toward a taxicab.

"Well, sir," said the Englishman cheerfully, "and how did you like Hamlet?"

"Not bad, not bad at all," answered the American with a cosmopolitan air. "But you fellows are certainly behind the times over here. Why, I saw that play in New York five years ago!"

☆ E. A. SOTHERN, a great English actor of over a half century ago was an eccentric character whose every action offstage gave rise to anecdotes. One of the most famous anecdotes was popularized by his son, who became an even greater actor.

One night, on a very special occasion, the elder Sothern was having dinner at the original Delmonico restaurant. When the soup was served, Sothern looked at it, summoned the waiter, and said he could not eat it. The waiter apologized for the quality of the soup, and raced out for more. This was served. Still Sothern could not eat the soup. The headwaiter was now called. He analyzed the situation, clapped his hands, and demanded the very, very best. It was brought. And more after it. But still Sothern was unable to eat it.

Finally Mr. Delmonico himself was brought. The waiter and the headwaiter explained the situation. Mr. Delmonico stiffened. His soup was his soul. He was proud of it. He turned upon the actor.

"Why can't you eat my soup?" snapped Delmonico.

"Because," replied Sothern, "I have no spoon."

☆ FOR thirteen years the McHugh Family operated as a theatrical unit. Hire one, hire all. And the same went for the firing.

I still remember when we joined the Ralph W. Chambers Associate Players, a traveling stock company appearing in and around Pennsylvania. Uncle Tom's Cabin was the *pièce de résistance* of Mr. Chambers' repertory, with "special scenic investiture" (that's what it said on the three sheets). Our manager was very liberal with free passes in the local newspaper office, and suggested that, in return, the drama editor give "all out" praise of our production.

Now, in those days there were scores of playing versions of Uncle Tom, and the one Mr. Chambers' company favored was *not* the one the McHugh Family was familiar with. So, unknowingly and without benefit of rehearsal, we gave our opening performance, trying desperately to combine the two versions.

The following day the dramatic review appeared. The editor had made his pledge and, as best he could, he kept his word.

His review read:

"Last evening, at the Opera House, the Chambers Associate Players, starring the McHughs, played Uncle Tom's Cabin. The dogs did well—but they had poor support."

☆ AN actor friend phoned me yesterday. He got me out of bed at six in the morning.

"McHugh, I've got the greatest theatrical idea of the year!" he yelled. "It's sensational—only I lack capital."

"Well, what is it?" I asked sleepily.

"Just this: I want to produce Abie's Irish Rose in modern dress!"

☆ BUT if life on the stage and in the movies is tough, you should go to a theater sometime when a good motion picture is playing and every one is making noise. Or have you had that experience?

Anyway, the other night I took Dorothy, my wife, to a theater on Hollywood Boulevard. The main feature was supposed to be wonderful. But it was difficult catching the dialogue because of conversation in the row behind me.

Finally I couldn't stand it any longer. I turned in my seat to the fellow behind us, and I said, "Excuse me, mister, but we just can't hear a word."

"Oh, no?" answered the talkative one. "Listen, mug. Is it any business of yours what I'm telling my girl friend?"

THE END

Frank McHugh (shown above and to the left in assorted poses) first saw the light of day in Pennsylvania forty-two years ago, and for thirty-two of those years he has been acting. The first play in which he appeared—with his parents—was called For His Children's Sake. Later he played Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cabin, then graduated into the role of the little lass who takes her father home in Ten Nights in a Barroom. He has acted in numerous Broadway productions, among them Ziegfeld's Show Girl—in which he did *not* play the title role—as well as in London. In 1928 the movies got him.

STALIN: DEVIL OR GENIUS?

The tragedy of Trotsky . . How a rising dictator battled with his strongest foe

BY EMIL LUDWIG

Stalin pledging loyalty to Lenin's bequests at the Second All-Union Congress of Soviets, early in 1924.

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

One huge problem of the Russian Revolution was the reconciling of 1,200 nationalities. Stalin coped with that for six years. When factionalism forced a party dictatorship on Lenin, Mr. Ludwig thinks Stalin welcomed it, with a view to turning it to his personal account. His election as General Secretary of the Communist Party enabled him to accumulate invisible power. Then, when illness struck Lenin down, the government was vested in Stalin and two other foes of Trotsky.

Who was to succeed Lenin upon his death? This question worried the invalid himself most of all, and he dictated his famous secret "testament," pointing out to the party the danger in the Stalin-Trotsky feud. A few days later he added to it his advice that Stalin be removed from the post of General Secretary. But meanwhile Stalin had so far strengthened himself that he was to dare to try to prevent publication of the last article that Lenin lived to write.

PART FIVE—THE IMMORTAL CORPSE

☆ LENIN lived long enough to see his state recognized as *de facto* by six foreign governments and as *de jure* by twelve more. He had succeeded in negotiating an alliance with Turkey and an entente with Germany, proving to the rest of the world that the Soviet state was capable of contracting alliances. The growing tension between Japan and the United States, already evident in 1923, resulted in the return of Asiatic Russia to the Soviets. Toward the end of his life Lenin saw peace established on the frontiers of his country, while his party was triumphant within.

He died suddenly in January, 1924. Trotsky, who had gone south for a cure, received the news en route, in Tiflis: Stalin wired him. He was misinformed as to the date of the funeral, so that he might not attend. That Trotsky was unable to hold up the funeral by an absolute fiat shows how far he was already forced into the background.

Thus it came about that Stalin interred the dead Lenin before the assembled people. In a finely phrased farewell oration he said:

"In leaving us, Comrade Lenin commanded us to hold high and to keep pure the great name of Member of the Party. We swear to thee, Comrade Lenin, to honor this command . . .

"In leaving us, Comrade Lenin ordered us to strengthen with all our might the union of workers and peasants. We swear to thee, Comrade Lenin, to honor thy command. . . ."

This oath Stalin has kept. At Lenin's bier he emerged as the heir, even as Mark Antony did at Caesar's; but, unlike Mark Antony, he was destined to crush the distant Octavian. On that day he was firmly resolved to triumph over all his rivals.

The regal funeral was entirely against Lenin's wishes. But the idea of preserving him as a mummy was the result of an unforeseen circumstance. I learned about it years later, in Switzerland, from the chemist.

"The crowds of pilgrims streaming toward Moscow in mid-January," he told me, "were so large and took so much time that the Central Committee directed me to do something to keep the corpse in a state of preservation for another week. Having succeeded in this operation, it occurred to me to make the corpse completely imperishable. For several months the dead body lay on the table of my laboratory and had to submit to a variety of injections. We began with the leg, so that in case of failure the whole body would not be ruined. It was only after a long lapse of time that we felt sure of the results."

Looking at the dead Lenin in his glass coffin, one is astonished by two things: how small he is, and how yellow he is—that is, his face and his hands. Eighteen years have passed, and he still lies before one unchanged. I wondered what emotions would be stirred by the sight of him thus preserved, in the person who knew him best in life, and I asked whether his wife had ever seen him in the mausoleum.

LENIN'S WIFE NEVER VISITED HIS TOMB

She had never come there.

☆ OF all the peoples in the world, the Russian and the American are the most talkative. Both flee lone-

liness, though on different grounds. The American likes to laugh, and when you are alone the best you can do is smile. He likes movement and a common enterprise. The Russians, for their part, get together in order to debate. Among no other people in the world is there so much wordy warfare; this explains the slowness but also the depth of Russian development. Other peoples, too, did a lot of talking before and after their revolutions, and their leaders have left vast tomes of speeches to posterity. But the phenomenon increases a hundredfold among the Russians, for the simple reason that they possess not just one Soviet, or just twenty Soviets—

SOVFOTO PHOTOS

With Voroshilov, Kalinin, and Molotov in the guard of honor at the bier of Lenin's widow, N. Krupskaya, in February, 1939.

In 1926, with G. K. Orzhonikidze (right), one of the foremost members of both the Party and the government, and A. Nikoyan.

i. e., council meetings—but hundreds of them, and thousands of party meetings with endless discussions.

In the four years following the death of Lenin in 1924, very much was said, very little done. In Stalin's life this was the period of preparation for his dictatorship. In order to obtain clarification on the new State form, the democratic way of debate was invoked. From the interminable debates of all those Soviets, committees, and delegations issued the autocracy of the one man. Napoleon had cut across all debates with his sword; in Russia no one had a sword, though occasionally a dagger was used.

Thus, before the first Russian reconstruction under Lenin and the second under Stalin, four years passed during which no building was done, the time being consumed in great battles of dogmas—in reality the clash of hostile men which took place behind the clashes of principles. Stalin's struggle with Trotsky constitutes the chief substance of those four years. It ended with complete victory for Stalin and the creation of the dictatorship which later enabled him to carry out the reconstruction of Russia.

Just as in Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, the struggle flared up at once around the corpse of the leader. During the early weeks it was carried on soundlessly, and was concentrated chiefly between Lenin's widow and Lenin's successor. Krupskaya—this was the name of the earnest woman whom Stalin hated—had a silent but obstinate battle to fight out with Stalin, for on the question of the publication or nonpublication of those two "notes" which were Lenin's testament on the succession depended Stalin's position for the future.

For thirty years this woman had commanded the respect of friend and foe. Though she had no children to divert her attention and her energies, she had always remained in the background. In the twenty years of Lenin's foreign exile, and in the seven stormy years of his leadership of the government, there were none of those teas, at-homes, and parties which are the favorite hunting grounds of the wives of ambassadors and Cabinet ministers. It must be borne in mind constantly that the first fifteen or twenty years of Soviet life were a gray waste in a gray land.

It was with great tact that Lenin's wife, without being a party delegate—she had, in fact, taken part in the Congresses for years—came openly to the aid of Trotsky at certain critical moments in the ensuing years; and immediately after Lenin's death she wrote him this letter:

> I write to inform you that about a month before his death Vladimir Ilyitch [Lenin] took up your book, and came to a pause over a passage in which you discuss the characteristics of Marx and Lenin. He asked me to read the passage to him again; he listened attentively and then read it again himself.
>
> And I want to tell you the following, too: the feelings which were awakened in him when you came to us in London from Siberia (1902), underwent no change until the time of his death. I wish you, Leo Davidovich, health and strength, and embrace you.
>
> N. KRUPSKAYA.

This woman demanded in vain that Lenin's testament be read forth in public. Stalin, General Secretary of the party, forced through a secret reading before a Committee, though the Congress happened to be in session at the time. It was four months after Lenin's death that nineteen men got together in a room in the Kremlin and Stalin read aloud the document which was so heavily weighted against himself.

"Nobody uttered a word. It was only when Stalin came to the sen-

tence: 'Trotsky's non-Bolshevist past is no accident,' that Trotsky interrupted and asked: 'What was that?' The sentence was repeated. This was the only word uttered in this solemn moment."

It was thus that Radek, an eyewitness, described the scene to me long after he had fallen away from Trotsky. Trotsky, however, not only contradicted Radek's description but also denied the existence of Lenin's critical observation regarding him. Since the document itself is no longer in existence, or is inaccessible, the only descriptions obtainable depend on personal sympathies. The historic representations of other decisive points in Stalin's life are just as unreliable.

DID LENIN RECOMMEND STALIN'S DISMISSAL?

Lenin's voice, issuing as it were from behind the glass cover of the coffin in Red Square was capable of deciding not only the succession but, together with it, the political evolution of the country. Both Stalin and Trotsky were praised and criticized in Lenin's testament, but Trotsky was indicated as the more gifted man, while Stalin's removal from his post was recommended. However, since it was not an absolute monarch who had decreed the succession, the party Congress could confer the leadership of the state, just as well as of the party, on any one it considered suitable. There was nothing before the Congress but a moral intimation, but that came from the recognized founder of the new state.

Lenin's mistaken notion that a committee, or for that matter even a triumvirate, could take over the government of a state which was at once so young and so new in character, derived from his belief that he himself had always governed together with a Soviet. Actually he had been dictator, although, to be sure, with the almost uninterrupted agreement of his comrades. Now after his death, there were half a dozen leaders and old comrades who aspired to his position. But there were only two who could be seriously considered, namely Stalin and Trotsky, the first because of the influence which he had so laboriously built up within the party; the second because of the fame he had acquired in the Revolution. In order to extinguish both his rival and Lenin's testament, Stalin needed another four years.

But the deeper grounds for Stalin's triumph over Trotsky must be sought in the epoch itself: The transition from revolution to reconstruction had brought a change in tempo. It would, of course, be wrong to say that Trotsky was nothing more than a revolutionary and Stalin nothing more than a builder; each was both. But the swift explosive temperament of Trotsky showed at its most brilliant in a time of unceasing struggle. Stalin's slow, grim Asiatic nature accorded better with a period on which bitter need imposed the discipline of restraint.

Lenin had foreseen with profound concern that these men could not govern side by side.

Fundamentally Stalin and Trotsky both wanted the same things, namely, to build up the industrial state and to carry on the fight against the rich peasant, the kulak, who had survived in the middle position between the landowning nobility and the unliberated peasant. But they wanted these things in different tempos, and the tempo was in each case related to the man's temperament. Looking back today on what Stalin later achieved, we are inclined to admit that the spirit of history has vindicated him. It would seem that with his passionate attachment to the Russian nation, which he had made his own, he had come to know its people better. Furthermore, he kept one eye fixed on Asia, the place of his origin, derived thence his standards and his tempo, and did not believe Europeans capable of the social revolution, whereas he already saw this dawning in China.

On this decisive point Stalin proved to be in the right. Trotsky, every inch the western European, had, with all his knowledge of peoples and languages, erred in the matter of Europe's revolutionary tempo. What he called the permanent, meaning the world, revolution came neither in his day nor in ours; in spite of which Stalin did build up this individual state.

STALIN SUBMITS HIS PROGRAM TO BALLOT

Stalin carried out by degrees everything which he had at first fought in Trotsky's political program. In exactly the same way he concluded with Germany the very pact which he had accused his opponents of planning and for which he punished them with the death penalty. Perhaps he was right as far as the element of time was concerned, and may in this respect be exculpated. In this new enterprise which had no historic model to follow, one simply had to govern on the basis of conjecture. This state was overshadowed by a question without an answer: Would the other states, and in particular neighboring Germany, imitate the Russian experiment and facilitate it?

When Lenin's testament became public property through having been spread furtively by word of mouth, Stalin submitted his resignation, for he was certain that the Congress, which was his instrument, would refuse it; and that is in fact what happened. He was thus in a position to employ democratic methods in his struggle against the growing opposition led by Trotsky, to base himself on elections and on resolutions accepted by majority vote, and to proceed on these grounds to the reconstruction of Russia. He was in a position to do this; but actually the task was so enormous, so new and so complicated, that in his opinion it could be carried out only by means of commands. This was why he regarded the opposition of the minority as a conspiracy, and resolved that if any man interfered with him, he, Stalin, would deprive that man of his job, his livelihood, his freedom to speak or write, and finally his freedom of person. He made this resolve effective against Lenin's principles and later against the new constitution, and thus in the end he triumphed. He aimed at the dictatorship and obtained it; at the same time he drove, together with Trotsky, almost all of his old friends from power, from the country, and from the world of the living.

"LENINISM" VS. "TROTSKYISM"

To do this was possible only by means of the old Czaristic methods—the GPU became so similar to the old Imperial secret police that, like the Spanish Inquisition, it justified every illegality in the name of defense of the faith. But in this case "the faith"—the old party program—existed no more as a reality; it had become highly flexible and therefore productive.

Stalin invented, after Lenin's death, "Leninism," and together with it the cult of Lenin, which was developed to a degree bordering on the insane. I myself have seen the picture of Lenin on the wall of a peasant home opposite the image of the Madonna. The new Leninism was necessary as a counterpoise to Trotskyism.

But what did the word mean? When Stalin abrogated Lenin's testament, his partisans spoke of an old sick man who toward his end was being fed with misinformation; simultaneously they cited from his earlier works whatever was useful for their purpose.

The fact that both Lenin and Marx had declared it impossible to institute Socialism in one single country was no proof that it could not now, with the use of much foresight and many detours, be introduced into Russia. The worst of it was that just this struggle and this interminable Russian debating held up the actual process of reconstruction. Stalin felt that he could not rule against the opposition of a strong minority conducted by the most popular man in the country. Trotsky, in turn, felt himself to be Lenin's heir; he had the right to feel thus, and he would not relinquish power.

But, as against this, Trotsky was totally devoid of the Napoleonic intentions which were ascribed to him. At an earlier time, be it noted, he had never made use of his power as War Minister to commit acts of violence, just as Hitler did in the first months of his power. The fact that Trotsky did not do this was of the essence of his character; he was the man who under all circumstances wanted to submit to the laws of democracy, but he was also the man whose self-confidence filled him with the belief which once filled Danton: "They won't dare to do it!" Far from attempting a *coup d'état*, he even refused to become the official leader of the opposition.

Trotsky, who had first created the army and then led it, now retired from the War Ministry. He took over

the direction of the electrical development of the country and the Department of Concessions, and threw himself tempestuously into the new science and the new problems. How was such a powerful, popular, and youthful opponent to be overthrown?

Stalin found two methods: he used printer's ink, and he deprived Trotsky of printer's ink. Almost overnight there began in the state-controlled press a campaign against Trotsky and "Trotskyism." Old letters were dug

As he looked, lighting his pipe, in 1938.

up, passages were torn out of their context and quoted against Trotsky. When he tried to reply, his opponents first delayed the publication of his articles, then changed the text, finally forbade publication altogether. A book in which he drew a picture of the past and future was immediately sold out but was never reprinted. At thousands of meetings and on thousands of posters, in the factories and on the land, they undermined the man's reputation.

Trotsky had not built up any political machine. He had too much faith in the masses because he came not from them but from the bourgeoisie; Stalin, born of the workers, had long known that one could do anything with them. Thus it was that two years sufficed to ruin Trotsky's name throughout the country, because the millions read all the accusations against him and no defense.

When it became known that Stalin had submitted to the will of the majority of the Soviets, there was a universal rush which increased the majority tenfold. The oldest leaders prostrated themselves in order to save themselves, only to perish afterward, deprived of all reputation. Zinoviev, who also considered himself Lenin's heir, and who had attracted some attention abroad, at first took up the fight against Stalin, his colleague in the Troika, hoping to achieve his overthrow. One of them was stationed in Leningrad, the other in Moscow, and they continued for a long time to fire their printed shots at each other. Then suddenly Zinoviev made an about-face and submitted, hoping at least to be permitted to share in the rulership.

How swiftly the pictures of Trotsky disappeared! For eight or nine years the worker, and often the peasant too, especially if he had been a soldier, had had Trotsky's picture on the wall. Now when, visiting a friend, he saw a picture of Stalin, he immediately followed the friend's example.

And was it not most natural that these people, wearied by the struggle of a decade, should want peace, and prefer a legitimate leader to an eternal oppositionist? They wanted order and bread, not new experiments. In all likelihood Stalin was speaking the truth when, some years later, he said to me quite tranquilly:

"Trotsky was a man of great authority, and yet he is forgotten today. If he is remembered today, it is always with a kind of uneasiness."

And when I asked whether he believed the distaste for Trotsky was universal, Stalin, who always prefers to speak in percentages, answered:

"If you ask the workers, ninety per cent of them speak bitterly of Trotsky."

But at that time the sentiment of the people occasionally broke through, particularly in the army. At the tenth annual celebration of the Revolution, in October, 1927, Trotsky and some friends, who came in a car as onlookers, were forced by the crowd into a blind alley; they were extricated from the jam by soldiers. Barely had the crowd learned where he was when it streamed from the official tribunes and forced Trotsky to mount a stand; the official leaders were deserted, the celebration was transferred to the persecuted. But when, a few days later, the opposition started a procession with placards on which were reproduced—exactly as in Shakespeare's Julius Caesar—the words, "Read Lenin's testament," the carriers were dispersed by the police. On another occasion a policeman shot at Trotsky's car. Meetings in the open were broken up by the appearance of a couple of hundred automobiles whose continuous tooting made every word inaudible.

In this wise Trotsky and his partisans were constrained to hold illegal meetings. What must their emotions have been when, exactly as in their youth when they had been on the run from the Czar's secret police, they had to flee from their own comrades and find refuge in some pent-up worker's home? Trotsky smiled when, after a lapse of thirty years, he once more saw before him a secret printing press. He laughed when he read in the Pravda the accusation that he and Zinoviev were in alliance with White generals. But it rankled, just the same, when his defense was not printed at the Congress.

TROTSKY BEGINS ILLEGAL MEETINGS

Stalin knew that Lenin's last words against him were being repeated throughout the country. Instead of repressing them, he was clever enough to repeat them with his own coloring. He said to the Congress:

"Yes, comrades, it is true that I am a gruff sort of fellow. I do not deny it. . . . I am ready for an open struggle before the Congress. The party will not submit to the will of a single leader. The debates must not be carried too far. Let us not forget that we are a ruling party. Every open expression of disagreement can weaken our influence within the country, and still more abroad. The unity of the party must be maintained. Any man who goes off the deep end will be called to order. The formation of factions within the party will not be permitted; otherwise we shall become fragmentated."

☆ THE struggle between the two men deepened as the world political tendency seemed to move in the direction of Socialism and Soviet Russia might have come to the help of other countries. Great Britain's general strike of 1926, which Trotsky foretold correctly right down to the date, seemed to him to be a signal, and he called Stalin to account for holding back: "If we do not intervene directly to support the emerging world revolution, we shall lose the power even in Russia itself."

But what could the masses understand of world revolution or expect from it? Millions like these need a slogan which they can grasp. During the first years they fought bitterly for the land which they had taken away from the nobility and the landowners, and for their new civic rights. Later they fought passionately for the upbuilding of the industrial state. But in between, during the four years which terminated in 1928, they were without eagerness and without passion, and therefore hostile to every form of opposition. They did indeed notice that their bread had become lighter, and that Russia was now forced to import grain. But they did not want to hear anything more about revolution, or about the English workers to whose assistance they were supposed to rush.

While this mood was on the country Stalin went into action, removed Zinoviev and Kamenev, his two old friends, from their high posts, and finally got the Congress also to remove Trotsky from the Politburo.

How Trotsky fought back, only to find himself exiled, and how Stalin then set about the transformation of backward Russia into a modern state with a planned economy—these events Mr. Ludwig will picture for you, as they appear to him, next week.

LESS FOR EVERYBODY

Tires? Cars? You've no idea yet what is coming . . Here's why

BY DONALD M. NELSON

Chairman of the War Production Board

☆ WAR is being made—total war, aggressive war—against the United States from two sides. Whatever the cost of victory, we know it will be cheap at any price in blood, sweat, and tears.

Every scrap of material needed to forge our weapons will have to be relinquished by the civilian population. Some loyal Americans do not yet realize that in this war everybody is in the front-line trenches.

We are just beginning to roll up our sleeves and cinch our belts for the job of smothering Hitler and the Japs under a flood of American armament production. As we get down to the real hard work, the word "priorities" is going to be heard and read more often. I'd like to have everybody understand what that word means.

Suppose there were a group of us in a lifeboat, far from land. Obviously the first thing to do would be to find out how much food and water there was in the boat, and to put all hands on rations. We wouldn't sit down to a hearty meal, with those nearest the supply getting the biggest share, would we?

"Priorities" is just a synonym for a rationing system. Priorities bother no business; it is the shortages that are to blame, and the priorities system is an attempt to conserve what we have. The fellow in the lifeboat who cried that he had only had a gill of water, whereas he was accustomed to drinking two quarts a day, and who blamed the rationing for his thirst, would probably be chucked overboard by his fellow sufferers.

We are all in the same boat. But nobody is being chucked overboard. SPAB and OPM, the great civilian defense agencies, are trying their best to find substitutes for those industries growing faint from short rations. Where hardship and unemployment threaten an enterprise cut off from normal access to supplies that are earmarked for defense production, the government is helping materially by putting that industry into some sort of essential defense production, so it can keep its wheels turning, its investment intact, its payrolls from being pruned to the ground.

Just as "it isn't the heat, it's the humidity," so it isn't the priorities, it's the shortages. Let us take copper, for example. The total supply that is going to be available next year, by maximum and optimistic estimate, is 1,800,000 tons. That figure includes all the copper we can produce, all we can import—mainly from South America.

Even before Japan attacked us, we were figuring that during 1942 our military requirements for copper would run to at least 1,000,000 tons. Now they will be much more. By requirements I mean exactly that. The army and navy *must* have a minimum of 1,000,000 tons of copper for the articles we *must* have for defense.

On top of that, it will take at least 550,000 tons of copper, if we have it, for the maintenance and necessary expansion of those power, transportation, communication, and other services which simply must be maintained if our economy is not to collapse entirely; for telephones, electric light and power lines, armatures, etc.

So, from 1,800,000 tons of copper available, we are forced to deduct for essentials at the very least an immediate 1,550,000 tons.

That leaves 250,000 tons of copper for all ordinary civilian uses. *And this is less than a quarter of the normal annual demand!*

Well, there is only so much copper. We have to cut somewhere. The only place to do the cutting is in the area of things we can get along without if we have to. And we have to get along without a lot of things other than those made of copper, too—if we are not going to be licked before we get started.

Hence the priorities system. Roughly, it works like this: We know what we have, or what we can expect to produce, in essential raw materials such as copper. We know how much of this stuff we *must* reserve for the national defense and the essential services. We set that aside and dole it out to the manufacturers.

The crumbs, the left-over margin (if any) available for the manufacture of brass cuspidors and such things, are not enough to go around. Very well: we can do without or use substitutes. We *must!*

Suppose we had not even started on a priorities system. What would happen? No user of copper would be better off. On the contrary, all would be much worse off. They would still face that more than three-to-one demand for every pound of copper produced, and there would be no order in the way that demand was met.

The government—which is to say you, the taxpayer—would be bidding against the market for copper. Some fortunate or shrewd purchaser would amass a lot of the metal, enough to keep his factory busy turning out copper ash trays, while the army and navy went without shells or the traction company lacked copper wire. It would be a crazy system, resulting in a nightmare of unemployment and industrial chaos.

Look at steel. Before Japan struck, the *minimum* estimated requirement for defense purposes was 35,000,000 tons. The *maximum* estimated production—if all goes well—will be 89,000,000 tons. In other words, we hope we can produce 54,000,000 tons more of steel than the absolute minimum needed for national defense. That's a lot of steel, isn't it? No, it is not, because our civilian economy would consume 86,000,000 tons of steel in 1942 if there were no priorities.

In short, the demand for steel to make everything from pins to office-block girders would be 32,000,000 tons more than will be available.

All right, we start trimming; and when we have cut to the limit, we still find we cannot get along with less than 58,500,000 tons of the metal. Add that to the 35,000,000 tons that the national defense must and shall

PHOTO PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Mr. Nelson speaking: "The Axis can be beaten. The one way to get the dirty job done quickly is—to shoot the works NOW!"

have, and you get 93,500,000 tons.

We expect to produce only 89,000,000. Somehow we have got to "pass a miracle." Or perhaps civilian America will have to get along without some indispensable essentials to the tune of 4,500,000 tons.

Suppose we had no plan, no rationing. Then what? You would still have to spread 89,000,000 tons of steel over a demand for 121,000,000 tons; prices would skyrocket; the shipyards and munitions factories and airplane plants would go into a decline; our defenses would wither away from malnutrition, plants that could not bid successfully for steel would close; and we would be literally, not profanely, in a hell of a mess.

Instead of that, we are going to have, under the priorities system, a calculated apportionment of steel. The defense industries get the first cut. Next on the list come the essential public services. What we can do without will get no steel at all, and short rations for the rest.

Think it through. We have shortages not because there is a Division of Priorities in OPM, but because we are trying to lick Hitler and Japan. Take away all the priorities controls and you still have the shortages *plus the maddest, cruelest, most destructive industrial scramble the world ever saw.* Under such a situation the little fellow would have no chance to survive whatsoever. Only through some system of priorities and control does he have the slightest chance of getting at least a part of what he needs. Not the least important part of the civilian defense set-up is that which is dedicating its efforts to see that where possible the little fellow gets a subsistence ration of materials, or connects with defense contracts.

As we move into the Victory Program there will be a greatly intensified drive for conversion of plants from nonessential work to defense or essential civilian production. The drive to get more subcontracting will, of course, also be intensified. Sheer necessity will compel the widest possible spreading of work.

And let the squawkers among the ultimate consumers give a thought to what the German people had to give up years before Hitler led them to slaughter. Even when our rationing is most severe, the standard of living for most of us will be affluence compared to that of the prewar Germans.

A few weeks ago the SPAB laid down the broad rule that during the rest of this emergency, priority ratings would not be granted on any scarce materials used in building construction unless the job was directly necessary for the national defense or the health and safety of the people. That was a drastic thing to do. Yet it had to be done. Surely the figures on steel and copper make it obvious that we cannot afford to use those materials on any job that can be postponed. There are factories idle today for lack of copper. Would it be fair to permit them to remain idle while copper was used to construct a power line to a resort colony?

It is a case of *everybody having to do with less* unless the job he is doing is so important *to the nation* that we dare not leave it undone. And if doing with less isn't enough, then we will have to do *without.*

The only alternative would be to do away with the shortages by stopping all defense work, all lease-lend assistance to Britain and China and the other nations sacrificing blood and lives as well as comforts in trying to keep Hitler from making this world of ours an ersatz ant heap!

So we are going to have shortages and, because of them, priorities. More and more. Which would you prefer—to put up with shortages such as we have been having for ten years, fifteen years? *Or to put up with some really painful shortages for one or two years*—and get the job over quickly?

I don't think there is much doubt about the answer. I think the temper of the American people is to make the biggest effort possible and get the dirty job done no matter how much it hurts. And the worst hurt we shall have to bear will be less painful than a hangnail compared with what the people of England and of China have long been accepting, or with the sacrifices by the boys in our armed forces.

We ought to realize, then, that our best and quickest way out of trouble is to plunge straight ahead and to double—*triple*—everything we have done. The Axis can be beaten. It can be beaten quickly, efficiently, thoroughly, or over a long pull. We don't want to go on living under priorities and shortages and fears for another half generation. The only way we can avoid that is—*to shoot the works now!*

It takes *guts.* It may be that ours have a comfortable padding of fat which we are loath to lose, but we have 'em, underneath, and I say that we are willing to use our intestinal fortitude to keep America the safe, decent place where a fellow can gripe about conditions without being shot for sabotage, and where a kid can grow up to be a doctor or a tailor or President of the United States without any Gauleiter's permission.

That is why we are going to *do without.*

We *will* shoot the works!

THE END

AN EPISODE UNDER THE TERROR

Condensed and modernized
by Lyon Mearson from the famous story
by **HONORÉ DE BALZAC**

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

☆ ON a deserted street in Paris leading out to the Barrière de Pantin stood a lonely house that seemed like an ancient tower time had forgotten to destroy. On thé 22d of January, 1793, a faint light gleamed from the garret windows which were irregularly cut in the roof. The rest of the house was in darkness.

The old woman, dressed in the ragged but definite habiliments of aristocracy, looked back with a haunted fear at the tall dark man who had followed her with relentless step through the dark and silent streets of a Paris stricken with terror, and glided like a shadow to the doorway of the solitary dwelling.

She made her way up the rough and clumsy stairs with difficulty, knocked furtively at the door of a room under the roof, and sank breathless into a chair the old man who had opened the door offered her. He closed the door noiselessly.

"It's come!" she managed to get out through chattering teeth. "Our last day! You must leave here at once."

"What's happened?" asked another old woman who sat near the fitfully burning fire.

"The man who has hung about the house since yesterday followed me tonight. I was at the baker's, getting this which it was necessary to have"—she motioned to a paper package that rested on her lap—"and when I came out he was there. He followed me every step of the way. It's the end of the road for us."

The two old women regarded each other in terror, but the old man, perhaps because he was in the most danger, seemed the least moved of the three.

"Why distrust God, my sisters?" he asked quietly. "If it pleased Him to save me from the butchery at the convent, it was doubtless for some destiny. Think of yourselves rather than of me."

"No," said one of the nuns. "What are our lives in comparison with that of a priest?" She held out the package she had brought with her. "Here are the sacramental wafers. . . . Listen!" she cried. "I hear some one on the stairs."

The other nun hastily opened a hiding place burrowed under the overhanging edge of the roof. By this time it was easy to hear the approaching steps, sounding through the deep silence on the rough stairs like the steps of Doom. The priest slid with difficulty into the narrow hiding place, and the nuns hastily threw articles of apparel over him.

An instant later three knocks on the door made the sisters tremble.

The door opened, and he stood in silence before them—this stranger, who was very tall and carried a darkness of mood around him. He spoke to the trembling nuns in a voice which he attempted to render gentle.

"I do not come as an enemy, *citoyennes*," he said. "I have come to ask a favor of you." They were silent. "Believe me, if there is any service I can render to you, you may ask me without fear. I am above the law . . ."

he was silent for a moment, and when his voice resumed, it was with the tonelessness of the dead, ". . . since there is no longer a king."

Sister Agatha motioned to a chair. The man waited until the sisters were seated, then took his own seat.

"You have given shelter to a priest not sworn in by the Republic," he said, "who escaped miraculously from the massacre at the Convent of the Carmelites."

A cry of protest escaped from the lips of the sisters.

"Do not fear," said their guest. "I know his name, and yours too. You see, if I had wanted to betray you, I could have done it over and over again."

The priest threw off the coverings that hid him and stepped to the middle of the room. "What is it you desire of me, monsieur?"

The visitor spoke quietly: "My father, I came to ask you to celebrate a Mass for the repose of the soul of—of a sacred being whose body can never lie in holy ground."

The priest involuntarily shuddered. "Yes," he said at length. "Return at

The priest slid with difficulty into the narrow hiding place.

midnight and I shall be ready to celebrate the only funeral service we are able to offer."

☆ WHEN the stranger returned, he was led into the inner chamber, where all was in readiness for the ceremony. Between two flues of the chimney the nuns had placed the old chest of drawers, whose broken edges were concealed by a magnificent altar cloth of green moiré. A large ebony-and-ivory crucifix hung on the wall in strong relief. Four slender little tapers glimmered palely on the altar. The room was dark and the silence deep, and in these flickering shadows was intoned the Mass for the repose of the soul of a king who had but yesterday died under the knife of the executioner.

On either side of the altar the old nuns knelt on the damp floor, praying in concert with the priest, who, robed in his pontifical vestments, placed upon the altar a golden chalice encrusted with precious stones, a sacred vessel rescued from the pillage of the Abbaye des Chelles.

The Office of the Dead was recited. The *Domine salvum fac regem* sung in low tones. The unknown man shuddered as though a chill wind blew across his soul.

A few moments later, as the stranger left, he pressed a small box into the hand of the priest. "Take this," he said. "Some day you may value it." At the door he paused. "I will return in a year, on the 21st of January, to celebrate once more the Mass of expiation." He was gone.

The priest opened the box and took from it a handkerchief of extreme fineness, stained with sweat and blood.

"It is marked with the royal crown!" cried Sister Martha.

The priest was silent. He placed the handkerchief back in the box and covered it carefully.

☆ FROM that day the three perceived that, in spite of the Terror, a powerful arm was stretched over them. First, they received firewood and provisions. Next, linen and clothing came to them mysteriously. Finally, certificates of citizenship were brought to them.

The year passed, the Terror drew itself to its horrible end, and at length came the night of the anniversary of the death of the King of France.

At midnight the heavy steps resounded up the wooden stairway. The room was prepared for the service.

Sister Agatha stood at the door. "Come in," she said quietly. "You are expected."

The visitor looked at her, but made no response, and as he passed she felt as though an icy garment had fallen upon her.

The service concluded, the tall one stood at the door for a moment and looked back at them.

"Shall you be coming next year?" asked the priest.

The midnight visitor shook his head. "No one can tell you that, father," he said. "You may see me again."

☆ SOON the nuns and the priest were able to go once more about Paris without incurring any danger. The priest was leaving the doorstep of a shop situated between the Church of Saint-Roch and the Rue des Fondeurs. At the Rue Saint-Honoré a great crowd filled the street and prevented him from crossing.

The crowd was lively and gay and there was much laughter and banter. The abbé spoke to a man who stood beside him on the curb. "What goes on?" he asked.

"Can't you see?" the man replied. "It is the cart of the condemned going to the Place Louis XV."

The priest looked at him in surprise. "If this is so, why are spirits so high? It is hardly Christian."

The man laughed. "It is easy to see that you have not kept up with events. It means the end of bloodshed, the end of the Terror. No more executions."

"But this is an execution, is it not?" persisted the priest.

"Ah, yes, that is so," said the bystander. "But it is the end of them, the last of all, for it is now the executioner who is on his way to the block—the one who dropped the knife on our King a little more than a year ago."

Now the Abbé de Marolles could see the tumbril itself. Above the sea of heads he could see, standing erect in the cart that was drawing him to the scaffold, the stranger who three days before had assisted for the second time in the Mass of commemoration.

"That is the executioner," said the bystander.

The abbé drew out of his pocket a handkerchief of fine linen stained dark, and on it was the royal crest of France. It was with this that Louis of France had wiped his brow as he went to keep his rendezvous with the knife.

The bystander looked at him curiously. "What is that you have there?" he asked.

"Nothing," said the priest. "Nothing at all. Just a handkerchief."

The noisy crowd flowed on after the creaking tumbril

THE END

THE BATTLE OF DETROIT

THE PEACEMAKER GOES TO WAR

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Streamlined fairy tale! . . The story of the job that couldn't be done—and how Henry Ford did it

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

☆ HENRY FORD was handed a government "rush" contract to make $290,000,000 worth of airplane engines.

He had no place to make them.

And the contract came in September.

Well, you know Detroit in the winter time. It's no Miami Beach. Outdoor construction on the scale required would be next to impossible.

Almost any other man in the world would have said, "I'm sorry, gentlemen, but I can't do anything until spring." What Henry said was, "We'll be in production by May 1." And he was.

How did he do it?

First thing he did was to sweep a few thousand parked automobiles off one of his precious parking lots at the River Rouge plant—and I mean precious. The plant covers so much ground and employs so many men that some of the men—so one of them told me—have to park their cars a mile and a half from the spot where they do their daily stuff. Nevertheless, when duty called, Henry's orders were:

"Clear the lot, and let the cars park where they may!"

Then, in record time, racing against oncoming gales and snows, he laid the foundations and threw up the mammoth structural steel framework which was to be the skeleton of an airplane-engine factory with a total building capacity of 70,000,000 cubic feet.

By the time this job was done, spring was still several months away. Even Henry Ford couldn't make airplane engines in a factory without floors or walls or roofs, nor could he lay bricks and concrete or install machines and assembly lines outdoors in a Michigan winter.

So, instead, he placed an order for the largest amount of fiberboard ever delivered to one customer, and out of this fiberboard he proceeded to build a huge shell outside of the building-to-be.

Inside this shell Ford installed a fluorescent lighting system as a substitute for sunlight, and a heating system—and thus protected, bricklayers and others worked comfortably all winter long.

Imagine a big tent covering thirty-one and one third acres!—large enough to incase those 70,000,000 cubic feet of factory space with moisture-proof, cold-proof walls and roofs

The huge new plant in which Ford is producing Pratt & Whitney airplane engines.

—and you have an idea of how Henry Ford put the "win" into winter.

Then, when spring came, he lifted the tent, and there stood the magnificent $37,000,000 steel-glass-and-brick plant, out of which Pratt & Whitney engines for bombers are now pouring like nobody's business—except, of course, Ford's.

The cold statistics of this plant read like a fairy tale. The structural steel framework weighs 12,000 tons. The steel foundation pilings driven into the ground themselves weigh 4,000 tons, and if placed end to end would extend for sixty-five miles.

The air-conditioning apparatus, the world's largest industrial installation, includes six 1,000-ton refrigerating machines capable of circulation of 2,213,000 cubic feet of fresh air into the building every sixty seconds, and gives six complete changes of atmosphere every sixty minutes. If operated at full capacity for 120 days it would freeze a block of ice the size of the building itself.

The construction timetable is equally exciting. The foundation people broke ground September 17. Crews started driving in the piling October 7. The structural-steel people erected the first upright November 23. Bricklayers started work within the fiberboard shell December 17. Steelworkers finished January 24.

Except for a few plastering and carpentering jobs, all construction

One of the B-24 bombers that Ford will build at Ypsilanti.

An air view of the Navy Service School built by Ford at River Rouge, where 1,500 men are getting training.

work ceased March 17, just six months to a day after ground was broken. April 1, aircraft engineers and mechanics moved into the new plant. April 29, production of engine parts began. Henry Ford's promised date, you will recall, was May 1!

While this modern construction record was being compiled, Ford engineers were busy planning ways and means of applying quantity-production, automotive assembly-line methods to the making of these huge 2,000-horsepower, eighteen-cylinder, radial-type engines. Beginning their research at Pratt & Whitney's own plant in East Hartford, Connecticut, and continuing it at the Ford laboratories in Dearborn, they evolved a series of labor- and time-saving devices which greatly reduced the time needed to manufacture this type of airplane engine. I'll give you a couple of samples so simple that I could not help understanding and remembering them.

These Pratt & Whitney motors, with all their shining parts of steel, aluminum, and magnesium, look like a great metal bouquet. This is due largely to their radial contour, so different from the V-shaped or inline automobile engine. The head of this type of engine is a great circular piece of metal, into which dozens of valves and other smaller pieces of metal must be firmly fitted through holes provided for the purpose. Under the old system, these jointures were accomplished by thunderous hammerings consuming several hours.

Ford simply dips the smaller pieces of metal into a bucket of liquid air, where they immediately shrink in circumference because of the extreme cold. Whereupon the operative, working with one hand, slips the shrunken part into its hole, where it straightway expands again to normal size and becomes an immovable part of the great circular engine head.

The second stunt is less dramatic but equally important, because it concerns the oiling system of these intricate engines. Under former methods of construction, it was thought impossible to test the efficiency of the oil pump until it and all the other parts were embedded in the finished engine. Then, if the oiling system didn't work, the whole business—a good part of it, at least—had to be taken to pieces. By the Ford method, the oil pump is simply tested first!

But the wonder story of the Ford defense effort does not lie primarily in these detail simplifications which mean more production and quicker. Ford's special contribution is magnificent, unbelievable size.

Take the matter of magnesium, which is as strong as cast iron and weighs only one quarter as much, and is therefore a vital factor in airplane construction. Until quite recently, the airplane people themselves had seemed not to realize its importance for supplying light-weight castings for aviation engines. Hence there was an entirely inadequate plant equipment available for fabricating magnesium castings on a scale commensurate with sudden all-out defense effort.

To meet this "essential factories" shortage, Henry Ford went to work and built at Dearborn the largest foundry of the kind in the world, from which airplane engine parts of maximum strength and minimum weight are now issuing in sufficient numbers to supply not only Ford's own great engine factory but other aviation plants throughout the country.

This magnesium, even though a big piece of it has the heat resistance of steel or iron, is extremely inflammable when chipped and shaved during the machining process. That fact the men of Ford learned the hard way, when flames from magnesium chips and shavings began climbing up their pants legs. To find a way of conveying these inflammable particles out of harm's reach was but one of the problems Ford engineers had to face and solve.

The shortage of skilled operatives, which we have run up against everywhere along the Detroit front, naturally confronted Ford in acute form To meet it, he cleared 20,000 feet of floor space and started an Airplane Apprentice School to supply the skilled workers required for the fabricating of airplane parts. The school is equipped to train and is continuously training 3,000 students at one time.

Next thing Henry discovered was that our regularly armed services,

kept at small-time proportions by peacetime indifference on the part of Congressional committees, were quite unprepared to train their own men in the absolutely necessary business of maintaining, repairing, and reconditioning the mechanized equipment with which American industry was now supplying them. This situation was especially acute with the navy, which had neither appropriations nor land equipment for such work. So Henry Ford, although it didn't mean a dollar in his pocket, built a Navy Service School, adjacent to his new engine plant at River Rouge, in which navy men—1,500 at a time—are getting the requisite training.

And all this doesn't cost the government a penny. Henry Ford built this school in three months at a cost of $1,000,000, his own money. He maintains and operates it at his own expense.

Having completed the largest plant in the country for manufacturing an already established and proved American engine, Ford engineers turned their attention to the invention of a brand-new engine of their own design. The result—the completed engine has already reached the testing stage—is expected to be an aviation motor which will set a new low in the ratio of weight to horsepower, and will be able to maintain its exceptionally high output of power at 32,500 feet.

More tangible evidence of Henry Ford's defense achievements is the Willow Run bomber plant at Ypsilanti, now nearing completion on a 950-acre tract which was, last spring, a peaceful wilderness. Everything which has been said about the magnitude of the engine plant at River Rouge goes double or more for this bomber plant. Roughly, it is twice as long, three times as wide; its structural steel framework weighs twice as much, its floor space covers three times as much ground. Its machine shop is the largest in the world.

☆ I HAD the good fortune to be at Willow Run the day the last steel upright of the main building was hoisted into place, and since the football season was still on, I could not miss the fact that the great structure had been designed in that famous T formation which has devastated so many enemies of the Chicago Bears! A more important observation, perhaps, was that the bricklayers, starting at the crossbar section of the T, had followed so closely on the heels of the structural-steel men that on this day, when the latter finished their job, the former stood ready to finish theirs.

But the men of Ford had not waited for the last piece of steel to be hoisted. Already, back in the head of the T, specially designed machines had been installed and parts were being fabricated and machined.

How fast the bombers come off the line depends on many factors over which Ford executives have little control. Detailed descriptions of these flying forts are not permitted, but they are very complicated structures, involving, among other things, a multitude of rivets. I have heard the number of rivets in one bomber placed as high as 350,000. Whatever the figure is, the task of doing all that riveting is a big one.

Now, automotive engineering has long since passed the riveting stage. Its motto is, "Don't rivet; weld." And as soon as Ford engineers can convince brass hats in Washington that the same principle applies to the manufacture of airplanes, these big Ypsilanti flying forts—tanks of the air—will come rolling off that half-mile assembly line onto a mile-long runway, and will start hopping off for Europe in such numbers that the Michigan skies will be black.

So much for Henry Ford. He is not the only automobile manufacturer charged by the government with the making of airplanes and airplane engines. If he has seemed to be out in front as to time schedules on these points, it is due not only to the ingenuity and industry of his mighty organization but to the fact that his engineers were more experienced and more air-minded than most, and that the government, perhaps in recognition of this fact, turned first to Ford in these matters of Pratt & Whitney engines and B-24 bombers.

Within a few months, a picture comparable to that which we now see at Ford will be on exhibition throughout the industry. Already we have observed Packard's mighty efforts to fill its huge Rolls-Royce order. This was a tough job, made tougher by the fact that the Rolls-Royce Merlin XX, which is the engine used exclusively to power the British Spitfires and Hurricanes, had never before been constructed outside of England. To redesign it so as to make it take American carburetors and other accessories and fit into American methods of production, Packard engineers used more than a mile of blueprint paper a day. This colossal undertaking involved the building of three new factories and the creation in forty weeks of a production facility larger than Packard itself.

This is but one of the defense projects which demanded Packard attention and ingenuity during this critical period. Back in 1938 the United States navy started out to find a high-speed, light-weight, gasoline-burning engine capable of developing more than 1,000 horsepower, with which to equip torpedo craft that would outperform similar "mosquito" fleets operated abroad. A Packard engine of V-type, twelve-cylinder, liquid-cooled design, which developed 1,350 horsepower and weighed scarcely more than an aviation engine, was chosen. Thus Packard claims to have become the first company in the motor industry to accept a defense contract and the first to achieve active production on a defense item.

The story of the Allison airplane engine is "the most interesting of the whole defense effort." So Mr. Collins himself thinks. When you read it next week, you'll agree with him!

☆ BUT there is glory enough for all. The great Studebaker plant at South Bend is producing airplane engines on a mass-production basis. And at the Hudson plant former automobile mechanics are turning out pistons for the new Wright Cyclone aircraft engine as if they had been doing nothing else every day of their lives.

I have before me as I write photographs and specifications of nine *absolutely new* General Motors plants devoted to the manufacture of airplanes and airplane parts. I have visited several of these plants, and I can report that some are already operating on a mass-production basis, others are about to do so, and still others are almost as close to actual production as the Ford bomber plant at Ypsilanti. When they are all in action, which should be long before December, American airplanes will cover the war zone like a blanket.

These nine G. M. plants are scattered throughout the Middle West. Biggest of those already in production is the Allison Division at Indianapolis, where 12,000 men are now turning out 1,000 airplane engines a month. Others very much on the active list are the Chevrolet Division at Muncie, Indiana, making aluminum forgings for airplane parts; the Aeroproducts Division at Vandalia, Ohio, making new-type hydraulic airplane propellers; and the Delco-Remy Division at Anderson, Indiana, making aluminum and magnesium castings for airplane engines.

Chief among the aviation factories rapidly being readied are the huge new buildings of the Fisher Aircraft Division at Memphis, Tennessee, and Buick's aviation engine plant at Melrose Park, Illinois, which will produce on a large scale the fourteen-cylinder motors used in four-engine B-24 bombers of the type manufactured by Ford at Willow Run.

Buick's most impressive defense story, however, does not lie in this great new aviation plant but in a little weather-worn, yellow-brick building on a back street in Flint. It was in that building that General Motors began; that, one might almost say, the automobile business as a major industry began.

I wanted to see that cradle of American enterprise, and when I journeyed to Flint I did see it. But no one had prepared me for the fact that the old structure was being reconditioned and re-equipped with modern airplane machinery to do its part in the defense of its country!

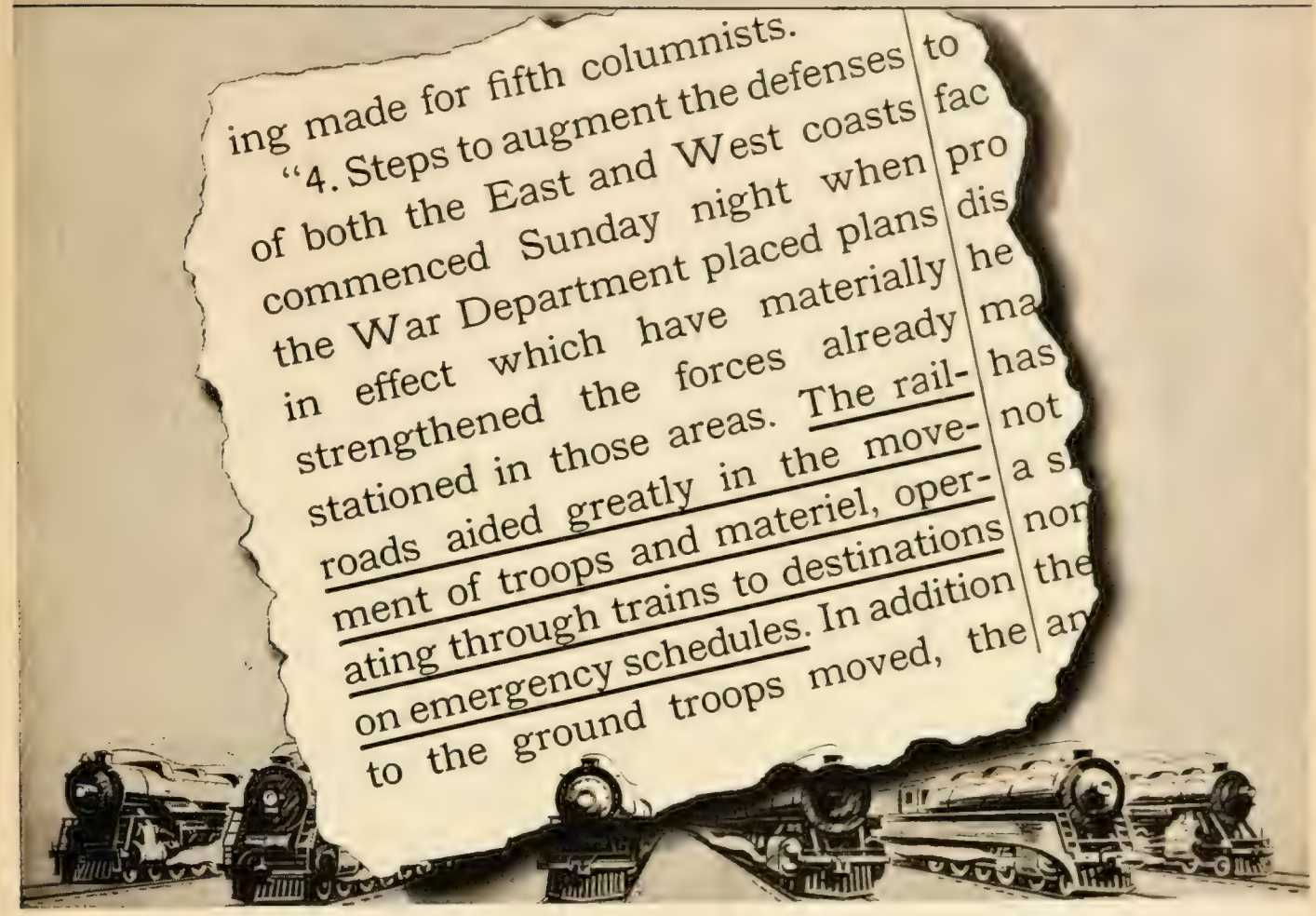
Well, I suppose I am a sucker for sentiment, but I could have cried.

But we won't end this story of the defense front on a moist note. We have yet to go to Indianapolis and get the almost hilarious story of how two ounces of aluminum alloy saved an industry—and may win a war!

THE END

December 10, 1941

WAR DEPARTMENT COMMUNIQUE NO. 2


ing made for fifth columnists.
"4. Steps to augment the defenses of both the East and West coasts commenced Sunday night when the War Department placed plans in effect which have materially strengthened the forces already stationed in those areas. The railroads aided greatly in the movement of troops and materiel, operating through trains to destinations on emergency schedules. In addition to the ground troops moved, the

"The Railroads aided greatly"...

... and are proud to do their part in carrying out plans made long before, between railroads and the military departments of the government.

The years of planning and preparation proved their worth when war struck – suddenly and treacherously – on December 7, 1941.

A united, determined America can count on its fighting forces – and its railroads!

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

MISSISSIPPI BELLE

"The lady is no lady," they said . . . To save the life of the man she loved, she proved it!

BY CLEMENTS RIPLEY

PART TEN—THE FLAMING GIRL OF BLAKE'S PLACE

☆ NORRIS went down. He was up again on the instant. Dan hit him again.

Then Dan was struggling in the hands of half a dozen of his friends.

"Are you crazy?" Hunter Griscome was panting in his ear. "Norris is a pistol shot. He's been out a dozen times."

"He'll find thirteen unlucky, then. I'm going to kill him. Act for me, will you, Hunter?"

Hunter Griscome mopped his round face. "I don't like it, Dan. You've never been out before. Norris is deadly—what I hear."

"You goin' to act for me or not?"

"Why—I reckon. Sure, Dan. Dunno how I'll ever square it with your mother, though."

An older man, a Major Ellyat, said, "I've had some experience, Dan. Would you like me to advise with Hunter?"

"Be mighty grateful if you would."

"Then, the first thing for you to do is get up to your room and stay there."

Dan shot a hard glance across the room to where Norris' friends had him propped up in a chair. He said, "Yes, sir," and went.

☆ CAITLIN sat in her humble hack, twisting her fingers in the folds of her skirt, just as long as she could bear sitting. Then she got out of the hack and walked to the wide steps that led up to the front door—to the scandal of her hired darky hackman and the complete scorn of the driver of the big C-spring carriage which blocked the banjo drive of Bedford Big House. Ladies paying calls didn't get out of the carriage until the lady inside had said whether she was at home or not.

For there was trouble on the Big House this mornin'—trouble, oh Lawd!

Trouble on de man chil' o' de Big House—trouble, oh Lawd!

De madam, she walkin' her room all night. . . . De general-man, he drive up early in de mawnin'. De Presidum of de *U*-nited States, he drive up early in de mawnin'! Marse Andy, he drive up early in de mawnin'!

Trouble on de house, oh Lawd! De 'Gyptian, he 'bout to smite de first-born!

An' up drive de Scarlet 'Ooman in a hired hack. Lawd—oh, Lawd!

Caitlin stood in the hot sunlight and bit her nails into her palms. She felt the sweat trickle down her back—cold sweat. And she stiffened her back against the stares of Andrew Jackson's coachman and her own hackman.

Trouble on de house, oh Lawd!

Not a sound anywhere—even the flies buzzed softly.

Cold sweat down her back. Cold sweat in her hair.

Isaac came out. He did not bother to come down the broad steps. He bowed—lower than he would have bowed to a lady.

"Ma'am Bedford say: She is engaged at present. Should she be at liberty at some future time, she be please to let Miz Preswal' know."

Hackman's eyes, coachman's eyes in her back. Sweat trickling. Hostile eyes in front—from everywhere. . . .

"I want to see General Jackson. I was told he might be here."

"General Jackson also engaged, ma'am." Isaac turned his back deliberately and walked into the house. He closed the big front door.

He didn't do it quick enough. He didn't hear the quick light feet behind him. When Isaac closed the big front door, he found he had done it with Miz Preswal' inside.

Isaac had been on bear hunts. He had put gentlemen to bed in their boots. He had managed a large, complicated house, where twenty or thirty people might ride up, whoopin' an' hollerin', just as dinner was set for two. He had never failed to manage that. He had trained little no-account wenches into maids, cooks, whatever. . . . But he had never seen a white lady come into the Big House when Madam Bedford had told the white lady to keep out. He couldn't touch a white lady.

He wasn't any more startled than Caitlin was. She hadn't planned it or thought of it. But when Shamus Ryan's daughter had to see somebody—even the ex-President of the United States—she was going to see him!

Isaac, hopelessly bewildered, simply disappeared. Caitlin, hearing voices, pushed her way into the drawing room.

Madam Bedford sat on the sofa. She had been crying—was still crying. She had a small wet handkerchief crumpled in her hand.

General Jackson, beside her, was erect, white, grim.

It was the general who first saw Caitlin in the doorway. Sick he might be, but he was instantly on his feet.

Madam Bedford was on her feet, too. . . . "You—you heard my butler tell you I didn't want to receive you—"

Caitlin put out her hand. "Please, Madam Bedford—it wasn't his fault. I forced my way in. I had to speak to General Jackson—"

"If you don't leave my house—"

"I'll not leave your house, Madam Bedford, until I've had my say to General Jackson." Even in her desperation, Caitlin had time to be thankful for the eight years' training that had taught her to think fast and stand up to anybody.

Madam Bedford reached for the bellpull. The general checked her with a thin hand. "You're making a mistake, Miss Lydia."

"Mrs. Preswald has forced her way into my house. She refuses to leave. I'll have my servants put her out."

"Not in my presence, Miss Lydia. "I've never seen a lady put out of a house by servants, and I reckon I'm too old to start now. I figure Mrs. Preswald has something to tell us or she wouldn't be here. . . . Am I right, Mrs. Preswald?"

"I have—oh, please, I have! I need

They howled the choruses. They were having more fun than they'd had in years—and Kate was, too.

some advice. I was told you were the only one who could tell me—how I could stop this thing."

"I'm afraid nobody can stop it, Mrs. Preswald. Who gave you my name in such a matter?"

"You don't know him—a Mr. Blake from New Orleans. The gentleman I'm to marry."

"A—you're to marry a New Orleans gentleman?" Madam Bedford stared. Then she said, "I declare—I'm sorry, Mrs. Preswald. Will you sit down, please?"

"I will not sit down in this house, Madam Bedford! I will ask General Jackson what I came to ask, and I will go."

General Jackson held himself upright with a hand on his cane and a hand on the mantelpiece. He said, "Mrs. Preswald, I can't very well sit while ladies stand. As a favor to me—"

"Yes, sir." Caitlin spread her skirts and dropped onto the nearest seat. It happened to be a low ottoman, which put her practically at the feet of General Jackson and Madam Bedford. . . . Oh, what did it matter where she sat? This time tomorrow Dan would be dead!

"Why did you come to this house?" Madam Bedford demanded.

"I'm trying to tell you: to see General Jackson. I went where he was staying, and they told me he'd be here. . . . Now, please let me talk—there isn't much time. General Jackson, you've got to help me stop this!"

"My dear, I can't interfere now. There's been a blow struck in public and a challenge passed."

"If General Jackson can't interfere for *me*, do you think he will for you? You've forced your way in here—"

"If you don't let me talk to General Jackson, Madam Bedford, your son will be a dead man as sure as the sun rises tomorrow morning. I'm here to try to stop that."

Jackson shook his head unhappily. "If you knew anything about gentlemen's duels, child—"

"I know about this one. I'm—it's about me."

"And you have the effrontery—"

Jackson's stick whacked the side of the fireplace. "Sit down, Miss Lydia! . . . Mrs. Preswald—*sit down!* Now, if you'll compose yourself and try to tell what you mean from the beginning—"

Caitlin said, "Yes, sir." As rapidly as she could, she sketched in her own story—her marriage, Buck's death, the years at Blake's earning the money to pay for James' school. . . . "I came to Memphis," she answered Madam Bedford's question, "because I wanted my boy. I wanted him to be raised like his father's people. I don't think there's any wrong there."

"But, under an assumed name! And then, entrapping my son—"

"My name is just as much my name as yours is yours, Madam Bedford. As to entrapping your son—he asked me to marry him yesterday. I sent him away."

"You—you refused him?"

"If you were as much interested in your boy, Madam Bedford, as—as I am—" Caitlin's fingers writhed together like a bunch of fishworms. . . .

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KIMBERLY-CLARK CORPORATION
(ESTABLISHED 1872) NEENAH, WISCONSIN

"Madam Bedford, will you, for heaven's sake, quit interrupting me and let me see what I can do to keep Dan Bedford from being a dead man tomorrow morning?"

Jackson set his hand on Madam Bedford's wrist. "Miss Lydia, I don't see a chance of preventin' a meetin'. But I think I better listen. . . . Now, Mrs. Preswald—if you can help?"

"I hope so, sir. The duel is about me. I've tried to explain that I am Kate Ryan, who sang at Blake's—"

"Child—the duel isn't about you. I've been in touch with Major Ellyat, who is advising with Dan Bedford's second. It's clear-cut. Mr. Norris said something Mr. Bedford resented. Mr. Bedford hit Mr. Norris. Mr. Norris passed a challenge. The challenge was accepted. Both parties were put under peace bonds in Shelby County. Tomorrow they'll row over to the Arkansaw side. If there was any honorable way, Major Ellyat and I would have found it. Now rest easy, my dear. It's none of your fault."

Talk! Caitlin twisted her fingers into the folds of her skirt. Talk-talk-talk! Yam-yam-yam! Blow struck—challenge passed. Yam-yam-yam!

Caitlin put her feet close together, and put her back straight and her chin up, and folded her hands in her lap so they were still and the knuckles white. That was the way she had been taught to take a punishment.

"I was Kate Ryan—at Blake's," she said. "I was the notorious Kate Ryan. Now, if Dan Bedford knew that—if everybody knew it—then Dan could apologize for hitting Bruce Norris."

General Jackson thought. He shook his head. "I doubt Dan would apologize. Technically—yes. But—"

☆ SUDDENLY Madam Bedford was on her feet. "When Dan hits a man, he doesn't apologize."

Caitlin kept her hands still in her lap. And she began to like Madam Bedford—for no reason at all.

"It wouldn't be Dan who'd apologize," she said breathlessly. "Dan forced the duel—Bruce Norris doesn't want it. He's a killer—but he doesn't want this duel. He doesn't fight unless there's something in it. He's a gentleman— Oh, Lord, I've said the wrong thing!"

"No!" General Jackson was leaning forward. "You've maybe said the right thing. I don't know—but go on!"

"If I admitted that I was Kate Ryan of New Orleans—if I did it publicly—then couldn't Bruce Norris get out of it? Couldn't he? It wouldn't become an elegant gentleman like Bruce Norris to be fighting over Kate Ryan. And he doesn't want to fight, anyhow. He could say that Dan was young—had made a mistake about me. He's bad—Bruce Norris—but he doesn't have to prove that he's a killer. Everybody knows that."

"H'm—yes. A duel puts him in a bad position." He struck the end of his cane onto the floor. "My dear, I believe you've hit it!"

Madam Bedford gasped. She gripped the general's arm.

"I'd drop a word to Major Ellyat—he could approach Norris' seconds. . . . Yes, Ellyat would know. Got the best library on the duelin' code in the West."

Oh, Lord, so much talk to get Dan Bedford killed—or to keep him from being killed. Gentlemen's duels! Top hats and pistols in mahogany boxes!

"I'll do it, then," she said simply. "And I'd best be about it!"

The general's face clouded suddenly. "Child—we're forgetting where this leaves you."

"Oh, what does it matter?"

"It matters a lot. I've had a hand in duels before—to defend a woman's reputation. I never took a hand in one to ruin it. And it'll matter very much to your little son—maybe all his life."

"Please, Andrew—oh, please!" That was Madam Bedford.

Caitlin said, "My boy James is rising nine, sir. He's old enough to learn to trust his mother."

"I don't like it! There's the gentleman you spoke of, too—the one you're to marry. If you do this—"

"The gentleman I'm to marry is a good man. This will be hard on him, but it will make no difference, because he knows I am honest, no matter what lies Bruce Norris has spread. And my son will believe in his mother. . . . Oh, likely nobody else will believe—"

Shakily General Jackson got to his feet. He picked Caitlin's hand out of her lap, bowed and kissed it. "Why not, my dear? I believe you—*and I won't have it!* Dan Bedford is a man—let him fight his own fight."

"Andrew!"

"And neither will you have it, Miss Lydia." The general cracked it out harshly. "There isn't a drop of blood in you, or old Dan Bedford, or your son, that would let this happen!"

"Andrew!" Madam Bedford stared, anguished. Then suddenly her chin went up. . . . "You're right, Andrew—of course."

Amazingly, Madam Bedford put her arms around Caitlin. . . . "I believe you, too," she said, and kissed her cheek "But Dan— No, it wouldn't do. He could never live with himself."

Caitlin drew back. She had played lady just as long as she could.

"And do you think I care who he lives with—so long as he lives? . . . Listen, the two of you! This time tomorrow Dan Bedford will be dead—or he won't! He won't if I can help it. I will go and announce myself as Kate Ryan. You, General Jackson, sir, can back it or not."

She swung them a dancer's curtsy. She had meant to curtsy like a lady; but she got confused. . . . "I wish the two of you a very good day!"

☆ AT five of the afternoon Caitlin had finished the work on the green-and-gold gown that she was remaking from what she had remade out of Madame Flavon's creation. Janice hovered around with pins. Caitlin posed and postured and backed and pirouetted before the

cheval glass. She pulled on a little hat, cocked it over one eye, gave the skirt a twist, stepped back. There she was, the flaming girl of Blake's Place.

Things began to move in a sort of inexorable rhythm.

☆ SIX o'clock. Poor old Romulus, the Gayoso House doorman, scandalized—protesting: "But 'at's the bar, Miz Preswal', ma'am! Ladies don't—you wouldn't want to go in the bar, ma'am! Is there any gen'leman yo' wishful to see, Miz Preswal', I be happy to fetch him out heah."

"No particular gentleman, Romulus. I just feel like seeing a lot of gentlemen this evening." She smiled, nodded, passed through the swinging doors, leaving him open-mouthed.

Plenty of gentlemen in the bar. She ran quick eyes over the lot—Kate Ryan's eyes. . . . She smiled at several eminent barflies with whom she had a bowing acquaintance. She smiled at several more whom she knew just by sight.

There was a startled hush. She stifled a giggle. She had simply scared hell out of the whole bar!

In the big bar mirror she could see them, ganging together at the far end of the room—whispering. Then the nice-looking young bartender was coming up, snapping his rosetted sleeve garters nervously. . . . "Look, Miz Preswald, ma'am—it is Miz Preswald, ain't it?—look, ma'am, you got in the wrong place. This is the bar!"

"So I've been told. It's a beautiful bar." . . . The bartender retired hastily. Slanting her eyes a little, she could see the horrified group at the other end. She caught their whispers: "Get her out! No place for a lady!" "She won't go!"

An elderly plumpish gentleman detached himself from the group and bowed. "Major Howard Ellyat—at your service, ma'am. You'll pardon me—seems to be some mistake. There's a ladies' parlor; may I escort you?"

"Ah, major!" She laid a hand on his sleeve and cut her eyes at him. "You wouldn't run me away. Sure, I've been a good girl so long I ache from it." She grinned at his startled consternation. "I'm like the girl from East Lynne—d'you know that one?

"There was a young girl from East Lynne
Who believed in original sin—"

She leaned forward wickedly and whispered in the major's ear: "You've got to stop that duel. If I prove I'm no lady, Bruce Norris can refuse to fight over me.

"And then she'd go at it ag'in!"

she finished in a voice that lilted through the room.

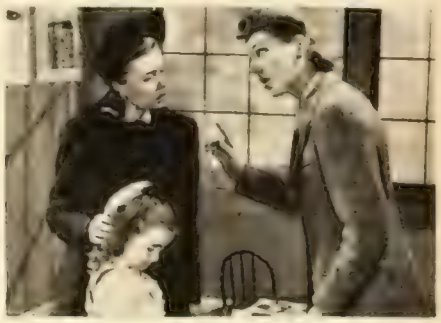
The major came out of a daze and burst into a cackle of laughter.

"No, wait!" He motioned the others, who had begun to edge closer, back. "Know this one?" He put his lips close to her ear. "I believe you've hit it. Keep 'em amused while I hunt up Norris' seconds. There'll have to be a lot of talkin', though."

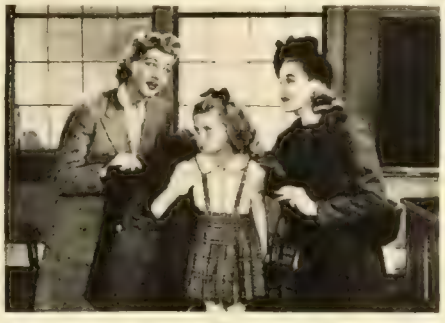
"I don't wanna go home with Mommy!"

1. I thought I'd die of embarrassment when Betty acted that way at kindergarten. "Why Betty," her teacher said, "is there something you're working on that you'd like to finish before you go home? Is that why you want to stay?"

2. "No," said Betty. "If I go home, Mommy's going to make me take that awful medicine!" and she burst into tears. I explained to Miss Ives that Betty needed a laxative and had refused to take it this morning. And I'd told her she'd have to take it when she got home.



3. "We have this same performance every time Betty needs a laxative," I told Miss Ives. "She just hates the taste of it." Miss Ives said that wasn't too good—that *forcing* Betty to take it could cause a nervous upset and disturb her digestion.



4. "Our school nurse," she said, "works very closely with a child specialist. And he recommends Fletcher's Castoria. It's made especially and only for babies and children . . . gentle, safe for their delicate system, yet thorough. Best of all, they love its taste."

5. "This doctor says Fletcher's Castoria clears away waste by stimulating muscular movement . . . much the same as in normal evacuation. It isn't likely to gripe. Nor is it likely to form a habit—there are no harmful drugs or narcotics in Fletcher's Castoria."

6. Well, on the way home I asked our druggist about Fletcher's Castoria. He said that *senna* is its chief ingredient—and that in Fletcher's Castoria, senna has been especially processed to eliminate griping. He recommended it so highly that I bought the family-size bottle and saved some money.

When I gave Betty Fletcher's Castoria—she loved it! It worked so gently we'd never realized she'd had a laxative. As the little girl's [illegible] Fletcher's Castoria is "just what the doctor ordered."

Chas. H. Fletcher CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children.

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IN SECONDS!

Already thousands of busy folks all over America are carrying the new Vicks Inhaler around with them. No wonder! A few whiffs of its effective medication actually makes a cold-stuffed nose feel clearer—brings greater breathing comfort—*in seconds!* And you can use it as often as needed!

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CHEST COLDS To relieve misery, rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Its poultice-vapor action eases coughing, muscular soreness or tightness, loosens phlegm, brings comfort. **VICKS VAPORUB**

"Nudge" Your Lazy Liver Tonight!

Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Relieve CONSTIPATION!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So stir up your liver bile secretion and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish bile.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but ALSO help elimination. Get a box TODAY! 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

See the WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER

"*Ma*-jor!" She made her eyes round—then broke into silvery laughter.

They were all around her now. She said, "Heavens, it's a beautiful bar, but can't a lady sit down?" She put one hand on the bar and held out the other. Somebody gave her a hand, and with a little spring she was sitting side-saddle on the bar. Seven o'clock—eight o'clock! Kate Ryan sat cross-legged on the bar, with a very pretty display of leg, and picked chords on a banjo while the young bucks and the old bucks of Memphis howled the choruses with her. They were having more fun than they'd had in years—and Kate Ryan was, too.

Upstairs, Major Ellyat and Hunter Griscome were having anything but fun. Up and down the carpeted halls tramped the seconds, conferring with each other, going back to confer with their principals. . . . Would Mr. Norris agree to— . . . Why, Mr. Norris wasn't prepared to agree to that, exactly. But if Mr. Bedford would agree to this—

Norris' seconds came back. The formalities of the first hour and a half had lapsed. They sagged into chairs.

"I think we can arrange this," Major Ellyat chirruped. "Young Bedford hit Norris. Under the strict code (Bowitz, page 110), Mr. Norris had then the right to deny Mr. Bedford a duel, since a fist is not a gentleman's weapon. You follow me, do you, gentlemen?"

"Surely, sir!" . . . "Of course, sir."

"The principle is clear. Bowitz has it that a gentleman must keep his temper and challenge. Should he lose his temper and strike, he forfeits his right to a meeting. I take it you agree?

"But should the party who has been hit challenge, then that wipes out the blow. Technically, there has been no blow, therefore there is no *casus belli.* (Bowitz, page 218, The Code Duello.) You are familiar with Bowitz?"

"Why—of course, though it's been a long time since I read him. He's a recognized authority on the code."

"Then you understand that we can consider the matter of the blow settled—without loss of honor."

"Why—er—" Norris' second looked puzzled. "Yes, I suppose so."

"Good! Now we come to the original provocation, which was a slighting remark made by Mr. Norris about a lady. Now, gentlemen, the lady in question is, or was, downstairs in the bar, singing to the patrons. And it turns out that she is the notorious Kate Ryan of New Orleans. That being the case, since the lady is no lady, there can be no provocation. And since there is no provocation there can be no duel—or so I read Bowitz. Is that your understanding of him, sir?"

Norris' seconds looked at each other. One said, "Why—yes. Yes, you could read him that way." The other said, "Then Norris didn't pass any remark, and Bedford never hit him, and none of it ever happened?"

"Why, sir, our reasoning seems to point that way. I think both parties can withdraw, without apologies, and with honor."

The door closed behind Norris' seconds. Hunter Griscome let out a long *whoosh.* . . . "Heavens, major, I'm glad you came into this! Where can I get a copy of Bowitz?"

The major chuckled. "Borrow one from that fella who hadn't read him lately. You heard him say that Bowitz was an authority on the code. . . . Very rare book. So damn rare I haven't got round to writing it yet. Run along and tell Dan Bedford the duel's off."

☆ HALF an hour later Hunter Griscome barged into the jammed bar. He elbowed his way to where Major Ellyat leaned his plump shoulder against the thigh of a green-and-gold girl who sat on the bar and picked chords on a banjo while the room howled. Major Ellyat jerked an impatient elbow. He was all excited, singing baritone.

Hunter Griscome hauled the major aside. . . . "Dan Bedford! Won't agree—insists on the meeting."

"Dan Bedford can row over to Arkansaw at dawn. If he finds anybody there to shoot, he can shoot him."

"But he wants to kill Bruce Norris!"

"Who doesn't? But the meeting is off. Tell him you and me got nothing more to do with it. Tell him that's Bowitz, page 218. You heard Bruce Norris' seconds agree that Bowitz is a recognized authority."

The major weaved back. He leaned against Caitlin's thigh and gave tongue:

. . . "In the val-lee—wah-wah Hal-lee!
Brum-brum-brum—wha-wha-wha about Hal-lee!
For the mawkin'-bird is singin' o'er her grave."

☆ IN the course of time Jim Blake took her out of there.

"All right, dear—here's a dark place. Now just stop and put your head on my shoulder and cry if you want to. My arm's around you, Kate—ah, little Kate—Caitlin! . . ."

"Oh, Jim—Jim! You *are* a good man!" Caitlin snuffled and got her head up. They paced on through the warm dark. "Jim, I did an awful thing to you tonight. But it was a man's life!"

"Young Dan Bedford's life," Blake amended, with sudden grimness. . . . "Now just get over the idea that you did anything to me. I'm not trying to be Mr. Preswald, you know. When you marry me, you are, for better or worse, Mrs. James Blake. But I wish you'd talked to me before you did it."

"Oh, Jim, I'm so sorry!"

"Now listen, Kate—my arm is around you. And it's always going to be there, protecting you. But this changes our plans. First, you've got to get out of here—you've got to get James out before he hears anything."

By the gallant sacrifice of her own reputation, Caitlin has saved the life of the man she loves. Has she also lost him forever? Next week's final installment, swift, alive with action and packed with surprises, will tell!

MICKEY ROONEY

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BOX-OFFICE MAN NO. 1

Mickey, the farmer, at his Van Nuys ranch. Right: Ava Gardner, who is now Mrs. Rooney.

What next? . . Will he be the George M. Cohan of this war?

BY FREDERICK VAN RYN

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

☆ AN emperor of France, a Civil War general, and a mayor of New York City live side by side in the none too tidy study of Mickey Rooney's house in San Fernando Valley. The room is littered with musical instruments, mechanical gadgets, gramophone records, tennis rackets, and various golf paraphernalia; but Napoleon Bonaparte, General Sheridan, and Fiorello LaGuardia are too preoccupied to notice the disorder. All day long they stare at each other from their respective frames as if engaged in an endless debate as to which is first in Andy Hardy's heart.

They are wasting their time. As far as Mickey is concerned, it's a dead heat. He worships the Corsican every ounce as much as he does the Great Raider and the Little Flower. Not that he has made a life study of war strategy and municipal politics, but it is his honest conviction that the Almighty patterned him along the lines of his beloved warriors. Why otherwise would he have endowed him with every gift in His power except one—height?

A source of inspiration and a well of encouragement, the three men helped Mickey to overcome that inferiority complex which caused him so much suffering in his childhood. Slowly it dawned on Mickey that, given a strong personality, a five-feet-three man can easily learn how to walk and look like a six-footer. No European king commented on Napoleon's shortness when royalty gathered to pay him homage in Leipzig. No Union soldier thought that Sheridan was a shrimp when he led his cavalry at Winchester. And no Tammany politician was ever allowed to take advantage of LaGuardia's size when the Little Flower's left connected with his chin. So why should any one dwell on Mickey's sixty-three inches? The trick (as the Mighty Mite saw it) was to adopt the technique that proved its value in the case of his three gods.

For his personal appearances before huge public gatherings Mickey chose to follow in the steps of the chief executive of New York City. To be just as flamboyant and just as passionate. For his performances on the golf links and the tennis court, he fancies Sheridan's method. To be quick, dramatic, resolute. And in his dealings with individuals, particularly those of the opposite sex, he acts with that mixture of dignity and condescension so characteristic of Napoleon. Observers of the social scene in Hollywood are inclined to believe that LaGuardia and Sheridan have done better by Mickey than Napoleon.

It is a matter of record that there is no one in the motion-picture industry to touch Mickey when it comes to galvanizing the crowds of fans. A showman to his fingertips, he knows the trick of turning an embarrassing situation into a triumphant one. When Judy Garland, who was appearing with him in a movie palace

on Broadway, was suddenly seized with excruciating stomach pains caused by overindulgence in corned beef and cabbage and could not make the show, Mickey faced the footlights alone. In a voice quivering with emotion he began, "Dear friends, I regret to announce that my sweet pal Judy cannot be with us. . ." Then he burst into tears. He brought down the house. The people who would otherwise have said, "What the dickens is the matter with that Garland girl?" all but cried. They felt as if they were witnessing a tragic event in the history of the United States.

A magnet for the movie fans, he possesses an equally strong appeal for the sports followers. The people in and around Los Angeles think nothing of getting up at the crack of dawn and driving one hundred miles to see Mickey play golf or tennis in Palm Springs. Even as a spectator he is worth his weight in gold. When he attended the Nebraska-Missouri game in Kansas City last year, all eyes were riveted on his box. He returned the compliment by leading the cheering sections of *both* Missouri and Nebraska. Sheridan himself could not have performed a mightier feat.

☆ IT is a sad duty to report the failure of Mickey's attempts at acting with Napoleon's dignity and condescension. Not long ago he walked into a cafeteria in Hollywood, escorted by four members of his jazz band. In less time than it takes to say Hitler, Göring, and Goebbels, he spotted a pretty young girl who was standing with a tray in her hands in front of the sandwich counter. "Terribly super," said Mickey, and motioned to one of his aides. The young man understood the silent order and walked straight to the girl—who, unbeknown to Mickey, happened to be a "bit" player recently fired by M-G-M.

"Madam," said Andy Hardy's envoy, "Mr. Rooney presents his compliments and wishes the pleasure of your company at dinner."

The girl gave an icy look to the self-styled Ribbentrop and replied: "Sir, tell Mr. Rooney that Miss —— presents her compliments and wishes he would . . ." The rest of her message cannot be published in this family magazine.

The few defeats suffered by Rooney occurred when he had to act without the benefit of a large audience and deal with not more than half a dozen individuals. Mickey shines and sparkles only when surrounded by a crowd. The selfsame girls who complain they were bored stiff when Mickey took them out to a quiet restaurant discover an entirely different Rooney when they encounter him in a place like Ciro's, a fashionable night club on Sunset Boulevard which boasts the noisiest rumba band in the country. Mickey dances all night long. He knows everybody is watching him and he blossoms forth under the caressing sunshine of public attention.

An extrovert par excellence, he is God's gift to party givers in Los Angeles. When a hostess is notified that Rooney will come, she breathes a sigh of relief. Now her worries are over. No matter how mediocre is the orchestra she hired, Rooney will make up for its deficiencies. He will be sure to demonstrate his ability to play nine different musical instruments. Without being asked to act, he will be certain to provide a well balanced show for the guests. He will sing, he will dance his inimitable specialties, and he will top off the evening by giving his justly famous imitations of Charlie Chaplin, Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable, and Greta Garbo.

Not every night is a rumba and fun night in Rooney's life. Once in a while he succumbs to a vastly different temptation. There is a girl in Los Angeles who still asks herself whether or not what she witnessed on a recent evening was reality or a dream.

Mickey arrived at her house twenty minutes ahead of the appointed time for their date, looking strangely subdued. After a great deal of pulling at his cuffs, he asked in a trembling voice, "Would you mind terribly if instead of going to a night club we go somewhere else?"

"It's all right by me," she said, "provided it's a respectable place."

Mickey breathed a sigh of relief. "Don't worry," he said cheerfully. "It's about the most respectable place you've ever been to."

They drove off in his car. Finally, after what seemed to the girl like a very long drive, Mickey said, "One block more and we're there."

☆ THEY stopped in front of a Christian Science church. The girl blinked. They went inside. For the next two hours Mickey listened to the proceedings with bated breath. He produced a pencil and a writing pad and was scratching down enthusiastically every word that was said. The services over, Mickey took the girl home, thanked her profoundly for her consideration, and that was all.

It's a far cry from hot music to the quiet and grave services in a Christian Science church, but Mickey does not have to step out of character for either occasion. So many-sided is his personality that he can fit easily into any surroundings. When he paid a call at the White House last year, the President said to him (jokingly, of course), "Well, Mickey, my boy, some day I hope you'll be able to spare enough time so that we can have a man-to-man talk." Mickey replied, in all sincerity, "Yes, sir; I can get time off from the studio any day for that." He thought it only natural that the President, being an ardent Andy Hardy fan, should be anxious to get better acquainted with Rooney.

On the other hand, had he discovered that the President had never heard of him, he would not have felt hurt at all. One of Broadway's greatest female stars confessed to him somewhat haughtily that she had never seen any of his pictures. "That's quite all right, madam," said Mickey politely. "I have never seen you on

the stage either." The great star spent the following week telling everybody what a frightfully rude creature that Mickey person was.

Like all sons of absentee fathers, Mickey is attracted to older, fatherly men. He gets along so famously with Lewis Stone because "Judge Hardy" is probably one of the few men in Hollywood who understand Mickey's complex. Nell Carter and Joe Yule, Senior, separated when Mickey was three. In the years to come Mickey saw very little of his father. Joe Yule, Senior, settled in Hollywood a few years ago and began working in the movies, but his illustrious son went on living with his mother and stepfather.

It was Lewis Stone who gave him a great many man-to-man talks. And it is to Lewis Stone that he still turns for advice. When he became engaged to Ava Gardner, the first thing he did was to take her on the set and introduce her to Judge Hardy.

It won't surprise any one that Mickey has a flock of ambitions. He would like to become as successful a composer of musical comedies as Cole Porter or Irving Berlin. He would like to become as famous a tennis player as Bill Tilden. He would like to become as magnificent a golfer as Gene Sarazen. But his greatest ambition (and the one which he is most likely to achieve) is to become as successful a motion-picture director as Victor Fleming. Each time he sees his boss, Louis B. Mayer, he asks, "Well, how about it? When are you going to let me direct my first picture? I don't mind if it's only a short short." So far, Mr. Mayer prefers to keep Mickey in Andy's shoes; but some day he will give in.

Andy to Americans, Migoletto to Mexicans, André to Frenchmen, Andrusha to Russians, Rooney may yet achieve still another ambition. Even his minimizers admit that, given half a chance, he would make about the best ambassador of good will this country ever had.

☆ BUT that's a long jump into the future. Right now, when the country would gladly swap four thousand ambassadors of good will for one four-motored bomber, Mickey can do his part by supplying laughs and keeping up the morale of his audiences. George M. Cohan did it in 1917. And there is no one on the stage, the screen, or the air who is better qualified to follow in Cohan's steps.

Want some proof? O. K. Do you know how many handkerchiefs were snatched out of Mickey's breast pocket in his seven days in Cleveland? One hundred and twenty-six. . . . But that's nothing. In Pittsburgh they were not satisfied with handkerchiefs. When Mickey was rescued by a squad of policemen from his Pittsburgh friends, he was minus a coat, a vest, a pair of suspenders, a watch, and a wallet.

"They would have gotten away with my pants too," he said admiringly, "but I outwitted them. I took them off and forward-passed them to a cop."

THE END

"In those days they called me The Wreck of the Hesperus"

"Don't believe it. It's impossible. It can't be you, my good-looking friend. Never!"

"You're nice and polite. But there I am, skinny, homely, and tired-looking. Why, I even . . . "

"Even what? Tell me more!"

"I got used to it! Thought it normal, until I was told I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."

"That's over my head."

"It's a shortage of those amazing vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I bought a week's supply of FLEISCHMANN'S. Took two cakes a day in nice cool tomato juice, and pretty soon . . . "

"My Cinderella girl! I get it. But I don't get the tomato juice part."

"That's the new way to take FLEISCHMANN'S. Listen! Mash a cake of FLEISCHMANN'S in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass and drink. Divine!"

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PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

BY HOWARD BARNES

Paul Henried and Michele Morgan in Joan of Paris, a powerful exciting war melodrama.

Kathryn Grayson, Frank Morgan, and Natalie Thompson in M-G-M's The Vanishing Virginian.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

★ ★ ★½ JOAN OF PARIS

The war is not merely implied in this tough and absorbing picture. It sets the whole pattern of the show. No sequence would be valid without the background of desperate conflict. The characters, from a Free French fighter in the R. A. F., to a sinister bloodhound of the Gestapo, are vivid and memorable for the same reason. Joan of Paris has captured a great measure of the heroism, tragedy, and cruelty which are inherent in its theme.

Robert Stevenson, the English director, who is now working in Hollywood, has done a superb job of staging. Taking a group of English pilots shot down in occupied France, he has shown them beating their way to Paris in the hope of contacting British intelligence. He has shown their leader and a patriotic French priest engineering their escape in spite of the Gestapo. With uncompromising honesty, he has ended the production on a tragic note, as a little French waitress faces the firing squad for her part in the plot. To my mind, this is the best sort of blending of melodrama and significant drama. Joan of Paris may not give you relaxful entertainment but it will keep your eyes glued on the screen and it will make you mad.

Like Manhunt, the story of the film pits personal courage against the devious machinations of a ruthless military machine. The hero is a Free French commander in the R. A. F. who uses his knowledge of Paris to save his comrades for yet another blow in the cause of democracy. The heroine is a stray from a bistro who makes possible the fabulous escape of the British airmen at the cost of her life.

The leading players in Joan of Paris are so little known by most moviegoers that the film will probably have a tough time getting by at the box office. That is a pity. For Michele Morgan, the talented French actress, gives a luminous and brilliant performance as the waitress who lights candles to St. Joan in the hope of getting a new dress, and finally follows her patron saint's example in a self-sacrificial act of enduring courage.

Curiously enough, the leading male role is played by Paul Henried, a German expatriate who dropped the "von" out of his name to show the Nazis what he thought of them. His portrayal of the hunted commander who falls desperately in love with the waitress is masterly. Meanwhile there are such excellent supporting players as Thomas Mitchell, in the role of the patriotic priest, May Robson as an English spy (of all things!), and Laird Cregar as an unctuous Gestapo chief.

My hat is off at the moment to Robert Stevenson, the actors in Joan of Paris, and RKO for a fine film about things we are constantly thinking of.

(RKO.)

★ ★ ★ THE VANISHING VIRGINIAN

A sincere script and sincere acting do a lot for this biographical study of a memorable phase of our national heritage. It is the stock Southern colonel who is glorified in this sentimental saga. A man who loved his plantation, his darky servants, and his country. Instead of being merely conventional balderdash, though, The Vanishing Virginian is a rather convincing and moving study of the South during the early years of this century.

Jan Fortune has written an understanding continuity around the original book by Rebecca Yancey Williams. Frank Morgan plays the greatest of the Yanceys with warmth and feeling. And such assisting players as Spring Byington, who always refers to her husband as "Mr. Yancey," Douglass Newland, Elizabeth Patterson, and a promising ingénue named Kathryn Grayson are in there pitching all the time.

The direction is not nearly as good as the other efforts of the show. Frank Borzage has let sentiment get the upper hand of artistry in almost every sequence. With a bit more restraint, The Vanishing Virginian would have been a genuinely must film.

There is no story involved. The show merely tells what happened to a Virginia landholder who tried to stick to his peculiar code of American living. Morgan strikes the right note. He makes you understand and relish this vanishing American in dramatic and emotional terms. The romances are handled without too much to-do. The Vanishing Virginian has quality. I would have preferred less sentimentalizing and more guts.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

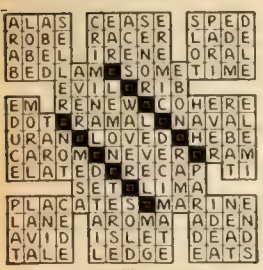
★★★★—Dumbo, One Foot in Heaven.

★★★½—Kings Row, Babes on Broadway, Ball of Fire, Sullivan's Travels, All Through the Night, The Man Who Came to Dinner, H. M. Pulham, Esq., How Green Was My Valley, Two-Faced Woman, Birth of the Blues, Suspicion, It Started with Eve.

★★★—Johnny Eager, Mr. Bug Goes to Town, Hellzapoppin, Design for Scandal, Kathleen, The Corsican Brothers, Sundown, Shadow of the Thin Man, Blues in the Night, Playmates, The Chocolate Soldier, Target for Tonight.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



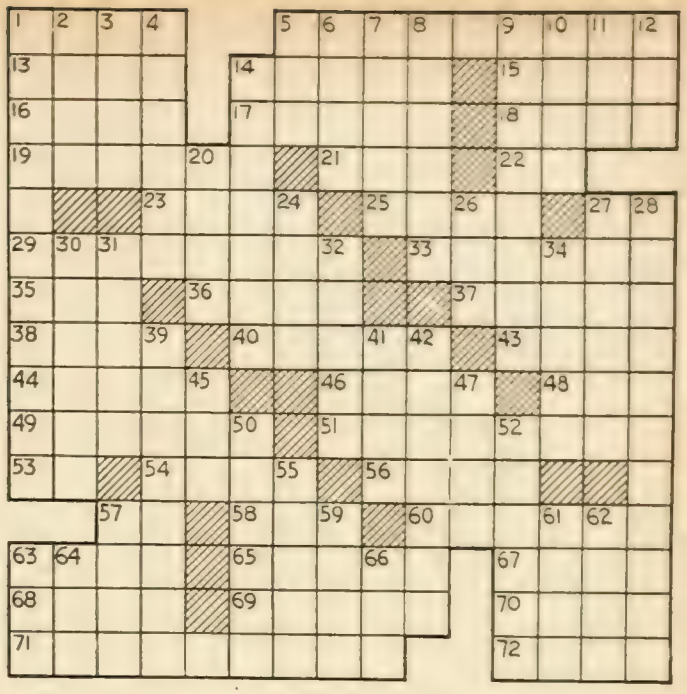
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 Jaundiced Aryans
5 And one of their more friendly traits
13 Mental check-up (abbr.)
14 Half pint o' Scotch
15 Cause of rattle in upper part of body
16 What labor is often for
17 Go for in a big way
18 Paper count
19 Ye male chambermaid at Ye Olde Pigge & Whistle
21 Offspring of flautist, notorious porcine purloiner
22 How *do* women tell when their hats are this?
23 Kind of cannibal stew, concocted of Tibetan missionaries
25 What you'll never get in the army
27 Kipper Snappers (abbr.)
29 Cowfeteria
33 Form of life superior to Nazi
35 Water with witality, makes pleasant brain befuddle
36 Here's a father with some horse sense
37 Combining form, as with stronger princes (It.)
38 Sick swallow
40 The Miss'ippi's gift to college frats; △
43 Ex it out
44 Spartan hayseed
46 What college gals do for young men, and vice versa
48 Hard thing for a dame or a senator to keep
49 You, too, could be a Clifton Fadiman if you knew this
51 This will soon receive a visit from our army and navy. (Join the marines and see it!)
53 The Great Brain Himself! (abbr.)
54 A shifty little thing
56 How things are in the berry business these days
57 Word usually starting proposals
58 I'm A Bubblehead! (abbr.)
60 Fatten up with this world's goods
63 Japan start committing suicide in this way, please
65 What Henry Aldrich is usually on (simplified spelling)
67 1551
68 Pretty tart
69 Nation, for first time in history, avoiding public free-for-all (pl.)
70 Chief product of vitamin pills
71 Wool conservers
72 The Scotch claim it's since

VERTICAL

1 Well known jumper
2 The Devil's Walking Stick
3 It takes Sis and her boy friend three hours evenings to
4 Snags the effluvia with the scent box
5 Little Thaddeus
6 Guy with personality of a police siren
7 Vot no vun in Chermany dares find Hitler in
8 Bloodhounds can't track down sufferers from this
9 Hon. Big Little Yellow Belly
10 Ideal housing project
11 The start of realism
12 Vegetable (in a word, I am)
14 She keeps the Britishers in the best of spirits, this bottle nurse
20 What Brooklynites call a 32-course banquet
24 43,560 square feet and I don't mean human ones!
26 Incorporated in reverse, briefly
27 Potassium (how in heck did this one get in here?)
28 One-armed bandit (two words)
30 Unless desirable, these should be promptly returned to original owners
31 Calls at the dentist's
32 Our No. 1 hero
34 The call of the nursery
39 Kind of intelligence that thinks Macaroni invented the radio (two words)
41 Pluses
42 Lady dog panties
45 Stand well back, there's danger of flying projectiles here
47 Jerk
50 Bumped poker players
52 Old Snakeheels, the Greek Heal
55 : :: :
57 Lake, not nearly as attractive as Veronica
59 What you'll get if you don't defrost the automatic refrigerator
61 How kibitzers stand by
62 Kind of bake that big families go on
63 Doesn't have to worry about the next buck
64 Ow! (Aryan)
66 Caesar's foot



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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THE CONSTANT MIRACLE—Continued from Page 19

Trent stepped to the door, sprinkling ether into a cone. "Marcia," he called.

She was coming down the hall, her face calm, a sheet pinned tightly above her breasts, a towel fastened over her hair.

He looked at her with new admiration. "Where did you learn that?"

"The Junior League isn't all bridge and skittles, and last summer I was a Red Cross nurse. War preparation—have you heard of that? Where do I start?"

"This is the only sensible battle. You start with hot water. Very hot. Then you can handle the cone."

"I've never even seen one of these things."

"I'll give you the stop and go signals. Scared?"

She shook her head, her eyes shining. "No, darling." Then, as if to cover that, she raised her hand swiftly and took off his hat.

☆ IT was not until three quarters of an hour later, when a faintly squeaking bundle lay on the bed beside Magdala, that he remembered the "darling." He blushed belatedly and busied himself with the scarf on the bureau top. When he had finished, twenty-five dollars in bills were pinned unobtrusively to it.

Slapsie came in, kissed his wife appreciatively, while his eyes devoured the new baby.

"A very smart fellow I am," he said positively.

Trent put his things on in the kitchen, while Marcia studied his face. "The constant miracle," she said. "Isn't that what you say?"

He nodded. "Every time."

"Oh, Trent, how I love you," she said. "No. No, don't listen to me." The tears pearled beneath her eyelids. "What a rotten job you made of that tie." She straightened it, her fingers trembling.

"You were good," he said briefly as they got back into the car.

But she didn't seem to hear him. All the way up Fourth Avenue and Park she sat silently, her eyes not quite closed. He was satisfied not to disturb her mood, still under the illusion that it wasn't necessary for them to communicate by words. Or was it an illusion?

As they curled around the Grand Central ramp she said, "Will you let me off at Fifty-seventh?" And then, quickly: "Trent, I'm not afraid any longer. That Magdala— This will be *my* child, father or no father. He'll be decent and strong."

"Of course," he said. "You see Bainbridge tomorrow. I'll give him a ring."

He could feel her eyes intent on his face.

"You still won't?" she asked.

"I couldn't."

Because of the preparation Marcia had given him, it came as no particular shock to Trent that, some time later, the newspapers carried a somewhat gloating account of the death of William Rutgers Montross in an automobile accident, or that a night-club torch singer suffered the fracture of both legs in the same crash.

He thought it over for some hours, and then went to see Marcia. He found her on a chaise longue, bolstered up by many pillows.

She accepted his sympathy without hypocrisy. "Everything breakable between Bill and me was smashed long ago," she said. "I hadn't seen him in a month. But I didn't wish him that."

As he sat quietly by her side, he sensed her old power to make it seem there were no barriers between them, that the most rudimentary reticences did not exist.

So he said, "What was the trouble with him? It's none of my business, of course, but when I first knew Montross he was such a powerful fellow—money, position, personality. He used to make me feel very small and crude."

"Poor Bill," she said. "It was simply a case of deflation—deflated ego. When they would no longer let him pull the big strings in the financial world, he just couldn't stand it. So he took it out on me—and mostly on himself, I'm afraid. These little girls were sops to his ego. He couldn't stand not being thought *big*. That's all right up to a point—it's quite right—but he overplayed it."

"If the truth were known," Trent said, "there are no giants among men."

For some moments she looked at him quietly from under her lashes.

"I don't agree with you," she said. "But I know what you mean."

He did not quite understand the little smile that touched her lips.

"I mean," he said, "that we're all sickened underneath by our own futility. We may whistle a bit to keep up our courage—or some one else's—or we may boast a good deal to make the world think we're hot stuff. But a doctor gets to know. Not only about others—about himself."

☆ MARCIA said with quiet abruptness: "This is no news you're telling me, Trent. Don't you know that a man, in order to be just a passable man," she went on, "has got to think of himself a giant? Pretend to be a giant?" She made a gesture with her hand to stop him. "No. I've got to tell you, Trent. I owe it to you."

It poured out then, as if the dam which had held it back for years had suddenly burst.

"You could have had me, Trent, from the first time I laid eyes on you. I'd never seen anything like you. You were fresh; you were idealistic; and, I thought, valiant. But no. You were content to show me the general love that went into your work. That was all right. That was swell. I felt its wonder—because it was wonderful and it was *your* work. But it wasn't everything. It wasn't the only kind of love—the only kind of good love. You can't overwhelm a woman that way, take command of her senses, her

mind, her will. And a woman wants to be overwhelmed, Trent. She wants to be *told* that she's human and lovely and desirable. She doesn't want to be silently worshiped, like a tree. Trent—Trent! Have you any idea what I'm talking about?"

"Marcia," he said, getting up, "you're upset."

"Upset? Yes, I'm upset, all right. Just a little thing like having your whole life cracked up because the man you love refuses to be a giant."

His anger, rising whole-bodied, was quickly suppressed by his alert professional sense. Plainly, she was bordering on hysteria, produced by causes that were now clear enough—the frustration of her emotional life, the wreck of her marriage, the violent

BY JOHN HALL

"He's from the West, I believe."

death of her husband, and the new life within her. The last alone should be commanding all the resources of her nervous system. The total of them all was too much of a tax.

He got up, took her firmly by the wrists, forced her to sit down.

"Sit there," he commanded. "Sit there for the rest of the afternoon, and try to forget you're a selfish hussy, absorbed in yourself when you should be absorbed in the life which, by the grace of God, is within you."

She stared at him, first with surprise, then with hope.

"Trent," she said, "perhaps you've changed."

He hadn't, he wasn't going to, and, in addition, the man beneath the physician was feeling bruised.

"Not in the least," he said.

"Go away," she said. "Please go away."

☆ THE work that descended on Trent that winter and spring would have driven Marcia out of his head if anything could. He was rapidly moving out of the category of rising young obstetricians to that of one who had substantially risen. Only the great Halisham and one or two of the older men stood between him and the top of his profession. Trent found within himself a new driving force that compelled him to seek that peak, urged him to cultivate "contacts" that would increase his practice, to write articles for the medical journals, to stay up late at night in his little home laboratory, searching for a new anesthetic.

But his course had little enthusiasm in it. It was almost wholly a narcotic, of which he took larger and larger doses. And, if it didn't quite kill the pain, it began to bring him fame among the childbearing sorority and a solid recognition among his colleagues. More and more often they called him into consultation. Once, even Halisham.

On that occasion he said to Mary Heath, "We seem to be getting somewhere, Mary."

"I know where you'll be getting if you don't take care of yourself. You're looking peaked."

"Now, that's an unscientific term, for a nurse."

"Well, a nervous breakdown isn't."

Halisham called him again one day.

"Holmes," he said, "I've got a bad one. Caesarean. I want you to operate."

Trent's pulse quickened. This wasn't a mere consultation. This was a job of surgery—for the great Halisham. He listened alertly to the details.

"Doesn't sound like anything you couldn't do better than any one in the world, Dr. Halisham," he said.

"Maybe not," came the curt reply; "but the fact is, I'm asking you. Been feeling a bit under the weather lately, and I'd rather not try it. I'm at Confinement Hospital now. I'll be waiting for you."

Trent got into his coat without trying to suppress a succession of pleasurable shivers. This was a definite indication of Halisham's preference for him.

☆ TRENT found Halisham in the lobby, smoking a cigarette and chatting with the reception nurse. He marveled at the great man's coolness and apparent lack of concern. This was an aspect of medical genius which Trent had never been able fully to acquire. Emergencies found him capable but tense. This one, which was both emergency and opportunity, found him doubly so.

Halisham shook his hand. "This is fine, old man," he said. "I'll take you up."

They stepped into the elevator, and Trent began, "You said the blood count was—"

"You'll get it all," Halisham said, and closed his lips firmly.

They got off at the third floor. Halisham briskly, silently, led the way down four doors and knocked.

"There you are, Holmes," he said. "Good luck." He turned and walked rapidly back toward the elevator.

Trent stared after him. "Halisham!"

Then he felt a pressure on his arm, and turned to look down into the serious face of little Evan Bainbridge.

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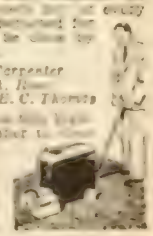

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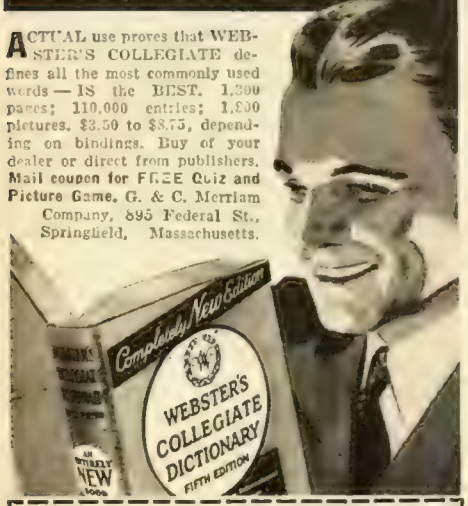

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"Listen, Trent, before you say anything," Bainbridge said quickly. "Our job is to save lives. I didn't see any other way."

Trent looked at him steadily, a slow flush mounting his cheekbones.

"I see," he said. "It's Mrs. Montross. But you've got Halisham. What more do you want?"

Bainbridge stuck his knobby chin up. "I haven't got Halisham. I merely asked him to call you. If I'd done it, you might have guessed and not come."

"You were right."

"Look here, Trent," Bainbridge said quickly. "You've got to understand that—"

"There's evidently something you don't understand."

"I understand everything," Bainbridge said doggedly. "But there are times when a doctor has got to suppress his feelings and—and be a doctor. This isn't an ordinary case. The Caesarean part is the easiest. Even the blood condition doesn't worry me. There's something else. Call it psychological. Call it the will to live—or not to. I don't know. I do know there's just one man who can—"

Trent burst out, "Talk medicine!"

Bainbridge lifted his shoulders. "She's asked for you ever since it began. For ten hours. And, if you can't, no one can save her. That's medicine."

Trent said abruptly, "What are we standing here for?" He turned the knob of the door.

"I was sure of it," Bainbridge murmured.

Entering the room, Trent told himself, "You're a doctor. A machine. An impersonal machine."

He would not even let himself feel shock at her changed appearance, at the drawn skin over the jaw, at the dark shadows beneath her brilliant eyes.

He stood over her. "Hello, Marcia," he said.

The smile came, after an effort. "Hello, Trent." But her voice had not lost its musical huskiness. "A nice mess I've made."

"You'll be all right," he said. "Just a little trip."

"A little trip with you, Trent?"

"A little trip with a doctor who is—"

"A giant," she said. She found his hand and closed her eyes. "I'm ready, Trent. I'm not afraid."

☆ TO Bainbridge and the nurse, outside the door, he said, "I'll operate at once." His voice was dull, flat, impersonal.

Bainbridge looked at him questioningly.

"Maybe we can save the child," Trent said, and moved down the hall.

In the operating room, shut in, rancid with preparatory ether, he ground a gloved fist into the other palm. "Be a doctor," he said.

Halisham relieved Bainbridge and Trent immediately after it was over.

In the hall, Bainbridge said, "Another half hour will tell."

Trent's smile was drawn and false. "A new miracle, you mean," he said.

The nurse stopped to say, "It's a beautiful baby."

Trent did not hear her above the buzzing in his head. It buzzed and it felt very light. His legs felt oddly fluid.

"You'd better lie down," Bainbridge said.

"No."

But somehow he let the little doctor lead him to the rest room at the end of the hall, where he dropped onto the couch.

"I'm all right," he said.

"I'll let you know if there's any change," Bainbridge said, going out.

"Either way."

Bainbridge shut the door, and then, in a measure, Trent gave way. That is, he clenched his fists hard under his head, and that didn't prevent the sense of failure from descending on him like a falling tree. His failure as a doctor, and as a man. Something like tears smarted his eyes, but they were dry. A dull, exhausted, sleepless sort of unconsciousness finally overcame him.

It might have been minutes, it might have been hours later when the door opened. Now he'd know. Now they'd tell him. He sat up, bracing himself.

"I'm coming," he said.

"Only for a minute," Bainbridge said. "It's my case again."

The little man was beaming like a marionette.

"What do you mean?" Trent said.

"I mean the miracle happened."

In Marcia's room, Trent leaned over the bed. "Don't try to speak," he said.

But she did. Her voice was like a thin reed in an old cathedral organ, immeasurably sweet.

"I must," she said. "Don't worry. I'm going to get well. I *want* to. Trent, do you hear? I'm speaking. I'm proposing—young Marcia and I are—to a giant."

He brushed her forehead with his lips.

"I kind of think she needs a pappy," he said.

He went out then, because they would have to get the full beauty of it little by little.

THE END

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

HERE LIES THE BODY, by Richard Burke.

Medals to Mr. Burke for the creation of a fictional private detective convincing both as to behavior and background. His Quinny Hite, now on view for the second time, is an ex-cop, definitely of New York, and ex because he couldn't resist picking up a little side money for story tips to the newspaper boys. But it is his friend the Inspector who steered him to a badly needed job guarding a threatened man. That he found his charge dead on his arrival didn't ease his discomfort in country surroundings. Oddly, there are many who think they wouldn't like detective stories! (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

THIS MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES

December 17, 1941.
Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
The White House, Washington, D. C.
Dear Mr. President:

A lot of us a year ago might have done a lot of griping about service in the Army. We were slightly confused.

But we want you to know that December 8, 1941, is an important date to us.

Flags waving, bands playing, the cheering of mobs and the enthusiasm of our friends. It is fine. We appreciate it all.

But we want you to know that we realize there's more to the Service than that.

We are determined, we are down to earth, set for business. We want to do our part. And we will, Mr. President.

We also want to thank you, sir, to a man, for the Selective Service Act.

We know that Private Joe, 1941 variety, has had complete training. He is ready, willing, eager for action to save this country which has opened its heart, its soul, its very life to us.

We are happy that Private Joe, 1941 variety, has an opportunity to earn, a chance to prove, his birthright.

We know we'll win.

The Men of Keesler Field,
Biloxi, Mo.

That's one of the most inspiring letters I've ever read. When better letters are written, other Americans will write them.

Is this your first letter from Iceland? Anyway, I'd like to know if Selective Service men and National Guardsmen can now be used for foreign service. We're getting along pretty well here. Good food and living quarters; not much recreation yet, but I understand that's being fixed up for us. We read and enjoy Liberty weekly. Regards to all the folks in the States.

Corp. J. V. S.,
Iceland Base Command.

Not the first letter from Iceland, Corporal, but the first I've printed. Nice to hear that you're getting on all right up there. Oh, yes, Congress has now approved and the President has signed a bill to send Selectees and Guardsmen any place in the world. It was a repealer of the restriction on their use outside the Western Hemisphere or American possessions overseas.

To see our flag fluttering from a mast makes my heart beat faster; but to hear our national anthem sung by the average American makes me shudder. Recently, in a local movie theater, Old Glory was flashed on the screen in color; then the organist played The Star-Spangled Banner. When the audience tried to sing it—well, there is only one way to describe the result: it stank. Can't something be done about it?

P. S. I'm as ignorant as the rest.

J. A. G., Fort Trumbull, Conn.

Something *should* be done about it. We all ought to know both the words and music of our national anthem . . . and be able to sing them.

Can and may an enlisted man, while on leave, be operated upon for a minor surgical condition by his own family physician, or must he use the Army surgeon on his post?

J. J. S., Fort Hamilton, N. Y.

I'd say that he could have his doc do the job *but* at his own expense. The government isn't responsible for medical bills contracted by military personnel while on leave in excess of twenty-four hours.

"I *told* him I had a dependent, and he said, 'That don't make no difference!'"

Remember the Regular Army man? He takes war as it comes and, when it is over, still follows his profession. In peacetime the routine is dull, the pay is small, and the years are long. But he sticks to it, and he's the nucleus of a great Army when the emergency and expansion are here. Most of our wartime Army must be citizen-soldiers; but who trains, instructs, and makes those civilians into efficient defenders of the flag? The Regular Army man.

I'm one. And my plea is simply this: when the war is over, don't forget us. We'll still be carrying on.

Corp. R. C. L., Camp Blanding, Fla.

That's a plea to which I can give my heartiest support. Wars come and wars go, but the Regular Army man goes on forever. More power to him, in peace and war.

Can you tell me the origin of the word "taps"? I've heard several explanations, but none of them seems to do justice to the most beautiful bugle call of them all.

Pvt. H. J. M., Camp Stewart, Ga.

No explanation I've heard satisfies me, either. The accepted theory seems to be that the signal for going to bed was originally tapped out on a drum . . . hence "the taps" and then simply "taps." But I'll bet there's more to it than that. Any one who has the right answer is invited to settle the question.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 122 East 42 St., New York.

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

SHORT SHORT

ACCORDING TO REGULATIONS

BY WALTER C. BROWN

☆ CAPTAIN WINTERS keeps a bottle of 5-Star locked in the filing cabinet in his office at Headquarters. When one of our boys has had to make a kill in the line of duty, he brings it out. The chief figures the guy can do with a drink.

So he took out the bottle when I brought in Detective Cochran, who was only a few months out of rookie school, to report on the killing of Big Red Chandler.

But Cochran waved the 5-Star aside. "No, thanks, chief, I don't need a drink," he said. "Here's my report on Chandler's death."

And that report was as cold-blooded a piece of writing as I ever saw.

"H'm!" the chief said. "Too bad you had to shoot him in the back. That sort of thing always looks bad."

"What else could I do? He made a break, so I let him have it."

"Yes, I know," the chief said. "But the papers play up an item like that. You know—the brutality of modern police methods. Outsiders never realize what a cop's up against."

All the time the chief was talking I kept trying to size up Cochran. I've been at Headquarters a long time, but I never saw a cop as hard-boiled about a kill as he was. There wasn't even a flicker in his hard blue eyes.

None of the boys on our detail had liked Cochran much, even from the beginning. He was what we called a smart copper, a know-it-all. And the Chandler business didn't make him any more popular. The boys didn't like that shot-in-the-back angle, and they resented the cold-blooded way Cochran spoke about it afterward.

"Sure I shot him in the back—so what?" he'd snap at you. "Did the rat give Hartzell an even chance?"

Hartzell was the cop Chandler had killed some months before.

Cochran was tough, all right. O'Ryan found that out when he started taking up a collection to tide over Chandler's widow and the twelve-year-old son he'd left behind.

"How much are you kickin' in with?" he asked Cochran.

"I have three bucks here," Cochran said, reaching into his pocket.

"Can you spare that much?" O'Ryan asked, sarcastic. Then he said, "You got a pay check comin'. We'll take an I O U against it."

"I'll be needin' my pay," Cochran said. "Here's the three bucks—take it or leave it."

"I'll leave it!" O'Ryan said. "I'll put in three extra bucks myself, and to hell with you."

O'Ryan turned over the money that had been collected and I took it to Chandler's widow. How a nice-looking, well mannered girl like her ever got hooked up with a wrong guy like Chandler is a mystery.

I knew she was telling the truth when she told me she'd had no idea he was in the rackets till the day Officer Hartzell was killed. The only reason she'd stuck with him afterward was to see that no harm came to her boy Jimmy. And that was easy to understand when you looked at Jimmy—as bright and clean-cut a youngster as you'd ever wish for.

When I brought out the money she seemed sort of stunned. Then she said, "I'm very grateful, sergeant, but I couldn't accept this money. You see, Mr. Cochran was kind enough to lend Jimmy and me enough to tide us over. And he helped me find a job, too. I start work next week."

"Well, Mrs. Chandler," I said, "you take this money anyway. Put it in the bank to use later on to help with Jimmy's education. He's a fine boy."

Like I mentioned before, Mrs. Chandler was all wrapped up in that boy of hers, and when I said that, she went all to pieces and began to cry.

"I—I can't stand this any longer!" she sobbed. "I—I must tell you the truth. It wasn't Detective Cochran who shot my husband! I did it!"

Cochran had reported that she and Jimmy had been out at a movie that night. But Mrs. Chandler declared they'd been home—right in the room where Cochran got the drop on Red.

She told me how Red had snatched up young Jimmy and held the kid in front of him as a shield. She said Cochran wouldn't shoot, with the boy in the line of fire, and when Red ordered him to drop his gun, he did.

"Now, copper, I'm gonna give you the same dose I gave Hartzell!" Big Red snarled, and when Mrs. Chandler screamed and tried to grab his arm, he slapped her halfway across the room. Then, pretty nearly out of her mind with terror, she had pulled a gun out of a drawer and fired.

"Detective Cochran would have let Red kill him before he'd take the chance of hitting Jimmy," Mrs. Chandler sobbed. "I couldn't just stand there and see him shot down."

And the gun she used was the service .38 Chandler had taken from Officer Hartzell before he shot him.

I went back to Headquarters and sent for Cochran.

"Cochran," I said, "I want to see your gun."

I looked at it, and sure enough, there were initials scratched on the stock. J. H.—John Hartzell.

"I've just come from Mrs. Chandler's, Cochran," I said. "She talked!"

Cochran just looked at me and squared his shoulders and waited.

"Why did you try to frame that Chandler job?" I snapped.

He shrugged. "Well, sergeant, I figured I owed her an even break. She shot Chandler to save my life, and what would it get her? Tossed into the can to wait for a trial. Sure she'd go free in the end, but while she's goin' through all that, the kid gets shoved into an institution. I figured Chandler had made enough trouble for those two, so I told her to scram—to come back later and say they'd been at the movies. Anyway, what difference who pulled the trigger? I would have, quick enough, if it hadn't been for the kid—"

"Well, Cochran," I said, "you know the Police Regulations, don't you?"

"Yes," he said, "and I broke 'em. You can break me for it, but you can't make me say I'm sorry."

"Wait till I finish, Cochran," I said. "You know it's against Regulations to carry a gun marked with initials, designs, or insignia of any kind. Now here's your gun back again, but I'm warning you—if I find it's still marked at the Friday inspection, you'll be cited and fined—according to Regulations. Understand?"

"Yes, sir." Cochran was starting for the door when I called after him.

"And one more thing, Cochran," I said. "Don't try to be so damned hard-boiled. I think maybe you've got the makings of a good copper—in time maybe I could even learn to like you."

"Thanks, sarge," Cochran smiled. "It's a funny thing, but that's just what I was thinking—about you!"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD

Continued from Page 11

net and the cyanide bottle. "This is between us two, and we'll work it out without any help from you." He went inside and knelt in the middle of the rug and Snorky rushed him furiously, braking only two feet away while the walls echoed to his bull-mastiff act. "Now, look, fellah. I know how you feel. I'd do the same in your place," Rodney was saying peaceably. "But let's get together on it. You don't have to worry about me. I'm just as crazy about her as you are." Snorky left off barking in order to look at him with surprise and some doubt. Rodney's hand came out slowly, and Snorky came to meet it and fell to licking its fingers in abject admiration.

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Elizabeth, who stood over them, watching. "He got every word you said!"

☆ THE table was exquisitely laid, with lace mats and bright china and a low centerpiece of garden flowers. The strawberries were in a crystal bowl between them, the silver coffee urn bubbled at Elizabeth's right. For the first time constraint entered their relationship. They had come too swiftly upon one of the dear realities—breakfast together in a sunny room. Because they were already so sensitive to its implications, they found themselves totally unprepared.

Elizabeth snapped off the switch of the coffee urn and poured out his coffee. Their fingers brushed as he took the cup from her, and his murmured "Thank you" was a little strangled.

Snorky had followed his new god to the table and now stretched himself out with a sigh of satisfaction on a sun-warmed patch of carpet near Rodney's chair to sleep off the recent excitement. It was somehow the final touch to their sudden domesticity.

She helped herself to strawberries. Then; "I think I know what you're thinking," she said suddenly.

"Don't you believe it; it's a lie!" he said hastily, and she laughed and tension vanished.

"Well, then, let's say you were wondering about my being here in this house. That would be well within your rights, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose so," he said cautiously.

"Old Sam Baxter left it to me in his will. Did you read about that? It was in all the papers."

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I did."

"Everybody, including his widow and the press, instantly jumped to the conclusion that Sam and I had been carrying on," she continued, pushing the handles of the cream and sugar toward him.

"M'm-hm," he encouraged her, accepting the cream.

"But *you* didn't think anything like that."

"No, of course not."

"You were quite right, too. Sam was a gay dog once, but he'd got all that out of his system long ago—before I met him."

"M'm-hm."

"That's where you say, 'How did you meet him, then?' "

Rodney swallowed a mouthful of strawberries.

"How did you meet him, then?" he obliged.

THE AUTHOR

Elswyth Thane, wife of William Beebe, noted scientist, is something of an authority on English history. Most of her earlier books—The Tudor Wench, Young Mr. Disraeli, Queen's Folly, etc.—were laid in England. Remember Today, published in 1941, was her first with an American hero. From This Day Forward is her first with a wholly American setting.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

"In the most respectable way in the world. His son married a friend of mine. You remember the Baxter-Fenton wedding. It rocked Sherry's on its foundations! Well, I was there. Sam brought me champagne and he and I got talking, naturally, and I said—"

Mary came in from the kitchen and set a plate of waffles on the table and picked up their empty berry dishes. Rodney's friendly eyes were lifted to her face.

"Good morning," he murmured, and Mary said "Good morning, sir," and smiled at him suddenly as though he were about ten years old, and went away.

"—and I said Wasn't it hot? And he said Wasn't it? And before the wedding was over and Sherry's got back to normal, Sam had taken charge of my finances, my legal affairs, and my problematical old age. That was five years ago, and after that I never signed a contract or invested a dollar without his advice. When Sam died, last spring, I felt as though I'd lost my only friend; but he had thought of everything—he'd turned over all my affairs to his partner, and he left me this house so I'd have a place to retire to. He put that in his will, and, like everything else, it was misunderstood."

"It seems simple enough," he said. "What's all the fuss about?"

"There isn't any fuss. I just didn't want you to think—" She broke off. "You know, you have a strange effect on me. As a rule, the more people think, the better I like it!"

"Good for business," he nodded above his waffles. "Well, I'm glad there was somebody besides Snorky to look after you. His financial sense can't be very sound."

"And now you tell one," she said into the pause.

"I don't think I have any dark chapters to explain. I just—"

"But you haven't told me any of the important things yet—such as who taught you your beautiful manners, and what's your favorite cocktail, and do you go to see Marlene Dietrich's films, and why aren't you married?"

"My Aunt Virginia. Old-fashioneds. Yes. I don't know," he answered methodically. "Now it's your turn again."

☆ BUT she only sat smiling at him across the table.

"Well, come on, open up," he insisted quietly. "Who should have taught you manners?"

"My father."

"Cocktails?"

"Martinis. Dry."

"Dietrich?"

"Yes. I'm still trying to see how she does it."

"And why aren't you married?"

"I was."

"You *was?*" he repeated, his voice nearly cracking with astonishment. "When was that?"

"Well, it must have been round about 1930."

There was another pause then, while Rodney retreated to the waffles.

"You're too polite to ask what happened, so I'll tell you that too," she said, and he gave her a quick upward glance and looked down again as quickly.

"You don't have to," he said. "It's none of my—"

"I know—none of your business!" Impatiently she took the words out of his mouth. "Well, it didn't last long. It was sordid and ugly and beastly, and we threw things at each other. He was a hoofer, and he couldn't stay sober, and continually got fired."

"What always beats me—" he began impulsively, and then stopped.

"Well?"

"Maybe I oughtn't to say it."

"Go on, I'd like to know something that always beats you."

"Well, what I can never figure out is how girls come to marry these out-and-out bums, and yet it happens every day. You weren't feeble-minded in 1930; you must have known he was a louse and got fired. I suppose the answer is love, but I still don't get it."

☆ "I GUESS I was used to bums," she said thoughtfully. "My mother before me married one—a very charming one when he was conscious! She died when I was twelve, and after that it was my job to try and hide the bottle from him. Don't look like that. Neither of my drunks beat their women! I got a divorce, though, in July, 1935. Apparently you didn't read about that in the papers."

"I was in New Guinea that summer. Must have lost track of things here."

"New Guinea! What for?"

"Birds of paradise."

"Did you get them?"

"M'm-hm."

"Do you always get what you go after?"

"So far I have. In Mexico—"

"Does your Aunt Virginia approve of your going off to places like that?"

"Not at all. But I tell her she might as well get used to it."

Mary came in with fresh waffles and removed the empty plates. His eyes lifted confidentially to her face.

"They're wonderful," he said. "But I can't eat any more, I'm sorry to say."

"Oh, nonsense," said Mary, as though he were ten. "A big growing boy like you!"

The kitchen door swung to behind her in a silence.

"Snorky," said Rodney sadly, *sotto voce*, "they've ganged up on us. You come back to Mexico with me and forget women."

"They're always having trouble in Mexico. You'd both be killed!" Elizabeth cried.

"You sound exactly like my Aunt Virginia," he said.

"This is your Aunt Elizabeth. Have you ever been shot at down there?"

"They weren't exactly shooting *at* me; I'd have felt safer if they had been; they can't hit a barn door. It was during a local election."

"But you want to go back *anyhow?*"

"Naturally. I want to go at migration time, and I want to take along a couple of people I know to do the botany. I want to get a good insect man, I want to take a color camera, and I want to bring back harpy eagles alive. But the staff has to be my own choice, the schedule has to be mine, where we go, how long we stay in any one place, and so forth—which means the money has to be mine, and that's what's holding me up."

"How much money do you need?"

"Ten thousand, to do it right."

"That shouldn't be too difficult."

"Oh, I'll get it somehow, if I have to rob a bank!"

Elizabeth put her elbows on the table and her chin in her hands.

"All right. I know a bank you can rob."

He gazed at her while hope faded swiftly to doubt, embarrassment, and refusal.

"No," he said, and shook his head. "It's very good of you, but I couldn't let you—"

"Now, don't be that way. You don't know anything about it yet! It's got nothing to do with me!"

"Who, then?" he asked warily.

"Sam's partner, Andrew Blaine. The one that looks after me now. He's always giving money to some museum or other. I don't see why he shouldn't give you some! You just leave it to me. I can handle him. When do you want it?"

"I couldn't get away before spring," he said, humoring her.

☆ "ALL right, then there's no hurry. When I get back to town I'll nick him for ten thousand if you'll promise me just one thing."

"Wait, let me guess," he said, watching her. "You want to go along."

"To Mexico?" She laughed heartily. "Not me! You're mixing me up with the Jackson girl, the one who suddenly saw a bird and gave up marine zoology!"

"I see. You wouldn't want to go."

"Not for another ten thousand, I wouldn't! Snakes and bats and mosquitoes and fleas and hot tamales—to say nothing of the elections! No, thank you! But if that's what you want, I'll make Andrew give. On one condition. Promise you won't get killed."

"I think I can safely promise that," he said consideringly. "After all, I've never got killed on a trip yet. But, after all, I don't see why you should bother about—"

"Well, Andrew might just as well do some good with his money; he's got heaps." She rose briskly. "And now I'll drive you back to the Station. By the way, did we put up any money on this Mercer question?"

"No—and even after you see him, who's going to be sure, anyway, which of us is right?"

"The Jackson girl," said Elizabeth.

Thus begins a strange and tumultuous romance that draws a bewildered woman into a life she had never dreamed of. Read the second chapter of this captivating and eloquent novel in Liberty next week.

GIRL MEETS GIRL

BY BUBBLES SCHINASI

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

☆ DID I hear some one say he thought it silly to be sentimental, with the world at war? This is no time to stop *all* the gestures of warm, happy living. V is for Valentine as well as for Victory. So here is an assortment of Valentine Values that are both patriotic and romantic. Perhaps you can interest your own true love in the suggestions.

Fine to flash in the face of any defeatist or non-gaiety group is this square of white challis, imprinted in red, white, and blue "fun plus" legends. On it, too, are stars and sketches. The flowing script slogan, "Have more fun," is in all four corners. Like all Echo scarfs, this one is beautifully made, an ample size for kerchiefing the neck. Below, it's in red, white, and blue, but if your personal color scheme isn't inclined that way, you have your pick of two other veddy new spring combinations . . . fuchsia and purple, or green and tangerine. You'll find this banner of gaiety on sale in many leading stores. Yours for a mere $2 or thereabouts.

My idea of the gift *dee*vine is gloves. Any girl would be glad to get any one pair of the trio illustrated—all three would be even better if the man in your life feels gesture-ish. The white pair are demure slip-ons, made of a woven rayon. They have a full flaring cuff, and down the front is an inset of openwork embroidery . . . guaranteed to make your paddies look too, too frail. Yes, of course they wash easily, dry quickly. Around $1. The pair on the hands are five-button length. They, too, are made of a knit rayon. And these pull-ons are absolutely unadorned except for the classic back-of-hand stitching. *But* these I love best, because they come in brilliant flag red—and you know how that helps point up a navy suit or a black dress. These, too, are yours for about $1.

GLOVES BY ARIS

The dark gloves not on the hands are navy blue Shorties, coming just above the wrist, trimly stitched on cuff, fingers, and back of hand. They are in a double-woven cotton fabric. They cost about $1.50.

No girl ever had one lipstick too many—and show me the girl who can resist trying a new one! Photographed above with the little heart locket (just put there for atmosphere) is a famous-make lipstick in a new shade, "Heart-Throb." It's an especially apt name for a warm "roses-are-red" red that is right for this time of year, yet carries a suggestion of spring. And it goes on like satin. Any one who gives this should collect a kiss. The lipstick costs about 50 cents.

This is a droopy dress season, when you're waiting to splurge for spring, and making that old dress do for a while. But are you sick of it! The answer, dear Valentine, is accessories. For instance, try this handsome necklace in its very new length. It's made of tiny, tiny wooden berries, lacquered a vibrant red and tipped in gold. The wonders it can do for a neckline that bores you! For further stimulus, add the matching bracelet (fits any and all wrists). And as a last touch, looped earrings (not photographed) are available. Since these pieces will vitaminize your present wardrobe, and continue right on to enliven spring navys, greens, tweeds, and plaids, we think their price is good . . . about $1 for the earrings or bracelet; about $4 for the necklace.

Memos on my mirror: Sew plain red white and blue handkerchiefs together and make a turban.

Embroider colorful cotton or thin wool around two large old-fashioned hairpins and stick them in your hair at random—the effect is good.

Pin a red-flannel heart to the sleeve of your black sweater. Use tiny gold safety pins.

Rub hand lotion on your legs, these "chappy" days, and you'll save money as you save on snagged stockings.

Buy three incredibly narrow belts —red one, white one, blue one—and wear them all together.

My Side OF THE STORY

Why I turned pro . . . A topflight champion takes you behind the scenes of a stormy career in tennis

BY ROBERT L. RIGGS

☆ PROBABLY you've read a lot about Bobby Riggs, the bad boy of amateur tennis. Well, here's my side of the story, to show you why I have turned professional.

Money? Sure—I expect to make between $25,000 and $50,000. But the story goes deeper than that. Let's look back to the spring of 1936.

I was eighteen years old and the junior champion of the United States. I had won the Southern California men's title and defeated Frank Shields, the nation's No. 1 ranking player. I was certain I could go East and hold my own in the important grass court tournaments.

I asked Perry Jones, secretary of the Southern California Association, for permission to quit junior competition and enter the men's Eastern tournaments. Jones said, "No eighteen-year-old kid has a chance to win on grass. You're going to play in the junior tournaments or else! If you don't, you won't get another cent of expense money from the Southern California Association."

"I'm going East," I said, "and you don't have to give me a dime. I'll get along."

"Try it," Jones snapped.

I had six dollars and Wayne Sabin, my doubles partner, had a little more. And Jack Del Valle, a friend from Los Angeles, was driving East. Sabin and I climbed into his car. In Kansas City I beat Wilmer Hines and won the Missouri Valley men's title. That earned me an invitation to the national clay court tournament in Chicago. I won that tournament too, and Sabin and I won the doubles. I whipped Frankie Parker in the singles final. Result: I received invitations to all the exclusive grass court tournaments. And I kept on winning.

Johnny Van Ryn upset me in the quarter-finals of the nationals at Forest Hills. Still, the U. S. L. T. A. ranked me No. 4 among the men. Even so, I was not asked to return to Los Angeles for the Pacific Southwest tournament. I wasn't surprised. Perry Jones was running it.

Instead of returning, I enrolled at Miami University in Florida. But I developed an ear infection from swimming. At Christmas I withdrew from Miami and went home. Jones greeted me with open arms! "Let's start all over again, Bobby," he suggested. I was willing. I represented the Southern California Association in several Coast tournaments.

Then I was invited to Florida for the winter season (all expenses paid). I wanted to make the trip, but Jones asked me to stay in California and boost the local tournaments. I stayed.

Finally, in April, Joe Hunt and I were invited to play at Atlanta, Georgia, and Houston, Texas. Reluctantly Jones gave us permission. Wayne Sabin whipped me at Atlanta and Bitsy Grant trounced Hunt. Then we moved to Houston, where Walter Senior beat me and Wilbur Hess thumped Hunt.

Back home we went, disappointed. I decided to get down to hard tennis work. So did Hunt. Both of us had been chosen with Budge, Gene Mako, and Parker to play Japan in a North American zone Davis Cup match. But several days before I was to report for team practice at San Francisco Jones told me he had received a wire from Walter Pate, nonplaying captain of the Davis Cup team. "Pate's dropped you from the squad, Bobby," Jones said. "If the Davis Cup team doesn't want you, the Southern California Association doesn't either. You'd be a bad influence. Pate has been informed that you broke training at Houston."

"How about Hunt?" I asked.

"Pate received no complaints about Hunt. Hunt stays on the team."

Then I was really puzzled. Hunt and I hadn't been apart more than fifteen minutes the whole trip, except while we were playing matches. Sure, we'd played a little off the courts, too. We'd had dates and gone dancing. That didn't seem like a crime to me. And the point was that everything I did, Hunt did too. But I was dropped from the team and he wasn't.

Then and there I made up my mind. Some day I was going to be champion. When I was the champ they'd have to take me and like me. I started off in the 1937 summer campaign by beating Frank Shields again and winning the Southern California tournament. Then I played Jiro Yamagishi, the Japanese internationalist, an exhibition match, and I murdered him.

Enter Jones again: "I've got good news for you, Bobby. I've interceded with the U. S. L. T. A. and you've been put back on the Davis Cup squad. You're to rejoin the team at Forest Hills for the Australia match."

Boy! That *was* good news! But when I reached Forest Hills Pate told me I was not a candidate for the team. I had been brought East merely as a practice player, a stooge for Budge, Mako, Parker, and Grant.

Pate further told me that when he had asked Jones to send me East to rejoin the squad, Jones had replied that he would not take the responsibility for Riggs' behavior. Pate then had replied that he himself would!

I was heartbroken—and financially broken, too. When I had been dropped from the team, some friends at the Los Angeles Tennis Club had offered to give me $1,000 for a trip to the Wimbledon championships in England. But when the news of my apparent reinstatement came (from Jones) my friends naturally withdrew their offer.

The American team defeated Australia and sailed to Europe. Riggs stayed home. If I'd had that $1,000 I could have gone along with the boys.

Perhaps it was a good thing I stayed. My tennis dander was up. I won fourteen tournaments in fifteen weeks. I retained my clay court title. I won Seabright, Southampton, and Rye. The Davis Cup boys came home, and I beat both Parker and Grant at Rye. The following week I whipped Parker again at Newport. Budge stopped me in the Newport finals. I went to the semifinals in the national tournament before Baron von Cramm edged me out, and later I beat him in the Pacific Coast tournament. Consequently I was ranked No. 2 in 1937, behind Budge but ahead of Parker and Grant.

Even then I was not invited to the Pacific Southwest tournament.

Despite all the disappointments, I wrote 1937 down on the books as a successful year. But I'd had enough of Perry Jones and the Southern California Association. Mr. James Ewell offered me a position with the United States Advertising Company. I took it, moved to Chicago, transferred to the Western Association.

Now I was a big-name player. The

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

"My tennis dander was up!" says Bobby Riggs. "I won fourteen tournaments in fifteen weeks!"

Florida clubs were willing to pay me from $200 to $300 a week expenses. But then the U. S. L. T. A. informed the Florida tournament committees that my expenses should not exceed $800 for six weeks.

I stayed with friends often during the Florida tournaments. Also I had some money of my own. So I drew only $300 during the six weeks. When I wanted the remaining $500, I couldn't get it.

I was stranded—broke again. The late Mr. Edmund Lynch asked me to spend a few weeks with him in his Nassau home. I accepted, and I returned to Chicago in April to resume advertising work. I settled down to some serious tennis work too, because I expected the U. S. L. T. A. to send me to Wimbledon.

But we had won back the Davis Cup; therefore the U. S. L. T. A. decided to send only defending champions to Wimbledon. Which meant Riggs again stayed home.

U. S. L. T. A. officials in New York City wanted an accounting for my $800 Florida expense money. I told them of what I had drawn and demanded my $500. After hemming and hawing they told me to run along back to Chicago and the investigation would be dropped. They told me to forget the whole matter—if I wanted to keep on playing amateur tennis.

I returned to Chicago and won my third straight clay court title. Then the U. S. L. T. A. named me to the 1938 Davis Cup team. Of course it was made plain that I really wasn't needed. Budge and Mako would defend the cup against Australia's Bromwich and Quist. But it didn't turn out that way. I beat Quist the first day. Budge beat Bromwich. And then—upset of upsets!—Budge and Mako, the Wimbledon champions, lost to Bromwich and Quist in the doubles. Budge clinched the match by beating Quist the third day.

I was ranked No. 2 again that fall, and when Budge signed with the professionals I was the nation's ranking player. Finally the U. S. L. T. A. sent me to Wimbledon in the summer of 1939. I won All-England titles in men's singles and doubles and in mixed doubles. Then I came home and captured the national singles at Forest Hills. I was the champ.

I began to plan ahead. I'd keep the title one more year, build myself up as a challenger to Budge, then turn professional in 1940. But Don McNeill whipped me in the 1940 national finals. Even then the worst was yet to come. From time to time the U. S. L. T. A. had made pointed inquiries about my advertising position. How much money did I make? How much work did I do? The reason for the questioning was apparent on March 1, 1941, when the U. S. L. T. A. made it a suspension offense for an amateur to work for sporting-goods manufacturers or for concerns even remotely connected with them. Which meant I had to quit either my job or amateur tennis. Had I been the champion still, I would have kept my job and turned professional for a tour with Budge.

But I wasn't the champion. The sports writers were saying I was washed up. I decided to stay in amateur tennis—gamble my job against the possibility of winning back the championship.

Well, I proved last summer I was *not* washed up. I beat McNeill every time we met, and I won back the national title. But I couldn't have remained an amateur even had I wanted to. Amateur tennis, since March 1, 1941, has been a rich man's game. Concurrently with its new ruling on amateurs' employment, the U. S. L. T. A. altered its interpretation of the so-called eight-weeks law.

Before March 1 an amateur's expenses could be paid to the four national championships, the sectional tournaments, and also to invitational tournaments, *provided* that his invitational tournament expenses were not paid more than eight weeks of each year.

But there was a loophole in the law. For instance, I flew to New Orleans for the Sugar Bowl tournament. My transportation and one day's expenses were paid by the tournament. I stayed with friends in New Orleans. Therefore the remainder of my New Orleans visit did not count against my eight weeks of expense-account invitational meandering.

The next week I flew to Miami. Again I received transportation and a day's expenses. Again I stayed with friends. Actually, I had played two weeks of invitational competition; technically, I had played only two days.

Get the picture? Before March 1, 1941, an amateur could play—it was possible—fifty-two weeks of invitational tournaments a year. But after March 1 the U. S. L. T. A. gave the eight-weeks rule a radically different interpretation. Once an amateur had received transportation money to a tournament, *every day* he played in that tournament counted against his eight-weeks allowance.

Quite a difference! Do you wonder that I turned pro?

But why worry about past tennis quarrels? Now every American has a real fight on his hands. My plans now take a back seat to Uncle Sam's. Heavyweight boxing champion Joe Louis has helped to raise army morale by giving exhibitions at camps. If the morale officers believe my services will be valuable in a similar role, that's fine with me. If Uncle Sam has other ideas, that's all right, too.

One thing about tennis players—we beat hell out of Yamagishi & Company once!

THE END

THE LAST WORD: Pastor Niemoeller and Dr. Stein

IN A RECENT ISSUE OF CHRISTIAN CENTURY Magazine there appeared an anonymous article sharply criticizing Liberty for having published a statement which was attributed to the brave German pastor, Martin Niemoeller.

Not long afterward the Survey Graphic Magazine also carried a contribution which made criticisms similar to those appearing in Christian Century.

Both magazines published their criticisms without previous notice to the editors of Liberty Magazine; we were given no opportunity to state the facts of the case in their columns.

Naturally, there is no desire on the part of Liberty's editors to enter into a controversy with either of these publications. However, in the interest of truth, we feel that a statement of the facts is necessary, and the purpose of this article is to make those facts clear.

Liberty Magazine maintains its own complete integrity in this matter. Because of the present dispute we are conducting a further investigation into the facts. If it should appear to the satisfaction of the editors that they have been deceived, then we shall promptly state that fact to the public and repudiate the article. At the same time we repeat, here and now, our present confidence in the validity of the relationship between Dr. Stein and Pastor Niemoeller and in the authenticity of the article which, in spite of all the strenuous efforts to discredit it, of itself did so much credit to Pastor Niemoeller and so much discredit to Adolf Hitler.

The article in question appeared in our issue of September 20, 1941, with the title, What Hitler Told Me About Christianity, by Pastor Martin Niemoeller, as told to Dr. Leo Stein. Soon after its publication a certain Professor Hans W. Weigert of Hiram College, Ohio, began a series of efforts to discredit the article, particularly its sponsorship by Pastor Niemoeller. Dr. Weigert first wrote to me, and I at once put him in touch with Dr. Stein. Dr. Stein tried to convince Dr. Weigert, but the correspondence seemed only to make the professor more angry and determined. He called upon Liberty to repudiate Dr. Stein, which we did not then feel called upon to do; nor do we feel so now. It was through Professor Weigert's efforts that the anonymous article appeared in Christian Century; he also wrote the criticisms in Survey Graphic in the course of a book review. Professor Weigert's position is apparently that he does not believe a word of our article; that he knows Niemoeller better than Stein, and that if Niemoeller wanted any such message published he would have asked Weigert and not Stein to publish it.

Further, the Hiram College professor criticizes Liberty for printing the fact that we recognized how the appearance of the article might bring further punishment on Pastor Niemoeller, and even result in his death.

The facts are that this article was brought to our attention through Ralph Berson, an established authors' agent in New York City. Mr. Berson has sold manuscripts to Liberty and many other magazines and book publishers for a number of years. At the time of submission Mr. Berson stated that he would vouch for the manuscript. We asked him for proof of Dr. Stein's bona fides. It was then demonstrated to us that Dr. Stein was a German lawyer, a lecturer on legal subjects at the University of Berlin, and had served as a judge in the German courts. Subsequently he was arrested for high treason, held in prison, released, and then, because he was a Jew, put in a concentration camp. In prison he met Pastor Niemoeller. Finally, after Stein made his way to this country, he at once began to write pieces about Pastor Niemoeller. One such article appeared under his signature in the May, 1941, issue of the National Jewish Monthly, published by B'nai B'rith. He had also written an article about Pastor Niemoeller in the July, 1941, issue of the Catholic World.

Later we learned that Dr. Stein had met and had some conversations with Dr. Charles Macfarland, general secretary emeritus of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, and a former lecturer in the University of Berlin. These talks were held in connection with a book which Dr. Stein has written, called I Was in Hell with Niemoeller, soon to be published by the firm of Fleming H. Revell Company of New York, a publishing house of very high reputation specializing in religious books. Dr. Stein had also conferred with Dr. Henry Smith Leiper, secretary of the American Committee for Christian German refugees, and a member of the Executive Committees of the European Central Bureau for Inter-Church Aid, Geneva. Dr. Stein reported to Dr. Leiper about his experiences with Pastor Niemoeller. Dr. Stein also wrote an article for the October issue of the Christian Herald entitled Niemoeller Still Speaks. Other references to Dr. Stein's activities in connection with Pastor Niemoeller appeared in the November issue of Prophecy Monthly and in the Christian Advocate.

We next referred to Dr. Stein various questions that Professor Weigert propounded to us. Dr. Stein answered these questions, but not to Professor Weigert's satisfaction. Finally a meeting was held in my office at which Dr. Stein appeared, accompanied by Mr. Berson and a Mr. Kurt Singer, who stated that he was secretary of the International Niemoeller Committee. In the presence of these witnesses Dr. Stein affirmed that he had been assisted by Mr. Singer in the preparation of the article and that the article itself contained nothing but the truth.

Then a surprising thing happened. The following day Dr. Stein was asked to appear before a meeting held in the offices of the Survey Graphic, attended by friends of Professor Weigert and others, and there Dr. Stein verbally denied that he had written the article or had authorized the publication of its preface over Pastor Niemoeller's signature. However, when he was requested to sign a transcript of his remarks he refused to do so.

In the face of this remarkable development, we feel it should also be stated that we have in our possession a sworn affidavit by Mr. Kurt Singer to the effect that on the next day Dr. Stein admitted that he had been wrong in not standing by the facts he had previously given us, and explained as his reason that he feared some one would disclose his real name and thus bring untold suffering on his relatives in Germany. In this suspicion, of course, he may have been totally wrong; it is not unique for refugees to have unsettling fears!

Plainly all this calls for further investigation.

Liberty bought this article in good faith. Our purpose in publishing it was to help in the fight against Hitlerism. In presenting the article we called attention to the fact that Pastor Niemoeller wanted the American people to know these things even though the result might be his death. This seemed to us an inspiring act of courage, but from a more practical point of view we felt certain that if we emphasized this point Hitler would not dare to do the brave German clergyman any further harm. For this we have been bitterly criticized by Professor Weigert, who actually wanted the American government to apologize for the article to the German government. Later Dr. Stein said he did not mean to include the boxed statement, accompanying the article, in his reaffirmation. We did not and do not understand that he meant to convey this distinction. All we know is that we received preface and article in one manuscript from the agent, Mr. Berson.

After Professor Weigert began his "one-man" attacks we went to Dr. Stein and obtained from him a letter which he willingly signed, and which he has never repudiated over his signature. From that letter we quote:

"I wish to state that everything in the article in Liberty is absolutely true and authentic. LEO STEIN."

On this statement, made willingly and never withdrawn, we elect to stand until our further investigations are completed.

FULTON OURSLER.

★ ★ ★ ★ **CONTENTS—FEBRUARY 7, 1942** ★ ★ ★ ★

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY WILLIAM T. HOFF

Curtiss P-40 (U. S.)
The British call it "The Tomahawk" or "The Kittyhawk"

TOMAHAWK SQUADRON IN MID-EAST CLAIMS 18-1 VICTORY RATIO

CANBERRA, Sept. 15 — A ratio of 18 Axis planes destroyed for every plane lost by the Australian Tomahawk squadron in the Middle East has been claimed as a record for this war according to an Air Department announcement here today. The announcement also stated that by mid-1942, 23 Australian squadrons would be operating in Europe, the Middle East and Far East.

A Case in Point

FOR your information, the Tomahawk is an American-built plane with an Allison engine.

And with due allowance for the fact that the Australians are great air fighters — it is still significant that only *one* of these planes was lost for every *18 Axis planes.*

That tells you more about the speed, the maneuverability, the all-round performance of Allison engines than a bookful of theories or statistics.

The plain fact is — *they have what it takes.*

In view of that, you'll find further interest in the fact that these power-packed Allison engines are rolling out in volume — hundreds upon hundreds each month.

More than that — as we've learned to make them in volume, we've also learned to make them better. Twice in the past year they've been stepped up in horsepower, with a *decrease* in weight to horsepower ratio — and no increase in size.

More than two million square feet of factory space is now busy with Allison production. More than 14,000 men of special skill and training are now employed.

And every month adds to the evidence that America has in the Allison the finest aircraft engine in the world.

The experience of General Motors is full-rounded and without bias in the airplane engine field. In addition to the liquid-cooled Allison engine, GM is under license to build air-cooled radial engines in its Buick and Chevrolet plants.

Bell Airacobra
U. S. and British designation

Lockheed P-38 Interceptor (U. S.)
The British call it "The Lightning"

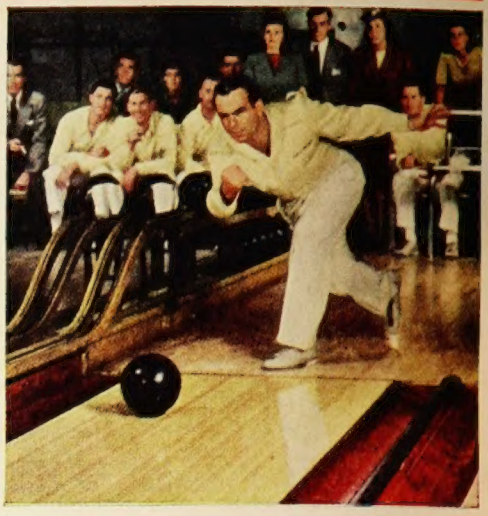
North American Apache (U. S.)
The British call it "The Mustang"

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF GM GENERAL MOTORS

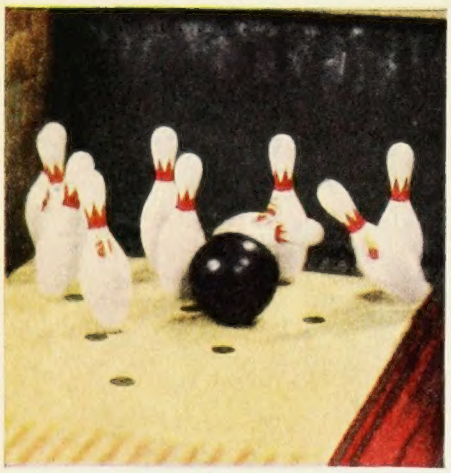
"SET 'EM UP" —FOR CHAMPION LOWELL JACKSON



AND SET UP THE CAMELS, TOO . . . Whether you're in there bowling yourself—or watching—nothing hits the spot like a cool, flavorful Camel

TALK ABOUT your wood-gettin' wonder! You're looking right at him—"Low" Jackson of St. Louis, 1941 All-American, captain of the world's match game champions, and possessor of one of the highest-scoring hooks in bowling today. Light up a slower-burning Camel and watch this champion in action.

THERE'S A SWIFT FLASH of the arm. The snap of a wrist. The ball whirls down the alley. Take a good long look at the way "Low" Jackson tossed that one—that's an All-American hook. Close to the gutter. Three-quarters down, she starts to break—straight for the slot. Watch it now—it's—



C-R-A-S-H! A perfect hit! The very sound of 'em falling sets you tingling all over. Like a homer with the bases loaded...a hole in one...like the full, rich flavor of a certain cigarette, it never fails to thrill. No matter how much you smoke, there's always a fresh, welcome taste to a Camel—for Camels are milder with less nicotine in the smoke.

THE SCORE-BOARD tells the story. More smokers prefer Camels...smokers like Lowell Jackson to whom mildness is so important...smokers who want a flavor that doesn't tire the taste...smokers who want more out of a cigarette than something to carry in hand or pocket. You'll never know what you've been missing until you smoke Camels.

TWENTY TIMES "Low" Jackson *(above)* has rolled the perfect score (300). Every time he lights up a Camel he smokes with the assurance of modern laboratory science that in the smoke of milder, slower-burning Camels there is less nicotine *(see below, left)*. Get a package of slower-burning Camels today, and smoke out the facts for yourself.

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*

● By burning 25% slower than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested — slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

Camel

—the Cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.